







# JUSTINA;

OR,

*RELIGION PURE AND UNDEFILED.*

A Moral Tale.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

" Earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints."

.....

" Reason pursued is faith; and unpursued  
When proof invites, 'tis reason then no more."

---

VOB. I.



LONDON:

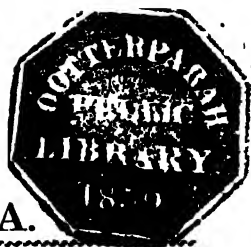
PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1823.







# JUSTINA.

---

## CHAPTER I.

---

And let it mitigate thy wo's excess,  
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
And friend to more than human friendship just.  
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,  
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust.

CAMPBELL.

**MR.** Melross was a merchant of great wealth and eminence in the city of New-York; he had married early, and had passed several years in a course of happiness, rarely exceeded in this sublunary state; but the instability of all human bliss was beginning to be exemplified in him. His hitherto prosperous circumstances were assailed by repeated misfortunes at sea; and were at length, by the failure of an eminent mer-

cantile house in London, placed in such jeopardy as to demand her presence there, to see if nothing could be done to avert utter ruin. He had, too, another motive for wishing to embark speedily for England. His wife, whom he had early loved, and long cherished, as the richest of Heaven's blessings, appeared to be rapidly declining in health; his heart was agonized with the fear of parting with a treasure, compared to which, the mines of Golconda were unworthy a single thought; and he indulged a hope, that the voyage, which was to reestablish his affairs, would restore to him, what was still more important to his happiness, the health of his beloved Justina. They were preparing for their departure: their two children, the care of whom he feared might retard the recovery of their mother, were to be left with her sister, Mrs. Ranmore, who loved them as her own, and who was solicitous for the charge. She was a widow without children, and possessed an income, which, though moderate, was adequate to the sober life she loved best to lead. —“Dismiss from your heart, my dear Justina, I beseech you,” said she to her sister, “every anxious care for your children; let

not a thought of them interrupt your peace or your health: be assured, that while God spares my life, they shall be to me as my own."

"I know, I know," replied she, "my dear sister, your goodness, and your affection for them and me; it is no distrust of your care that makes me weep; it is the belief that I shall never see any of you more."

"I conjure you, Justina, do not carry with you such a foreboding," said Mrs. Ranmore earnestly; "it will injure you more than your voyage will do you good."

"Well, my sister," said she, "I will endeavour to do as you advise. Oh, if you knew how I have prayed to be able to resign all my earthly affections! yet it is only for a time; it is only for a few brief years, which will soon pass away, and our reunion will be everlasting in His kingdom, with whom a thousand years are but an evening gone. I wish not to distress you; and yet ought I not to prepare you for what must soon be? I feel," cried she, putting her hand to her breast, "I feel that I shall not be with any of you long."

Justina was a true prophetess: before the ship was ready to convey them to a far distant shore, she found a grave in her native land; and as her husband beheld it close over her, he felt that this earth had not one joy to give him, nor one hope to cheer him. The manly mourner shut up his grief in his own breast, which his Justina's image never left, and determined, for the sake of the two dear girls she left behind, to pursue his plan of going to England, and endeavouring, by industry and rectitude, to retrieve his affairs and exonerate his character. The ship was to sail, in a few hours. Mr. Melross, as he entered Mrs. Ranmore's room, endeavoured to rally all his fortitude, to take a farewell of his little girls and their affectionate aunt. He found them together. Justina was six years old; she was seated by her aunt, reading her lesson, while her more playful sister, Augusta, who was two years younger, was dancing her doli round the room. They both quitted their employments, and ran to meet their father, who, sitting down, and taking one on each knee, embraced them alternately. As he gazed on his little Augusta's lovely face, and parted her clusteing

curls of brightest auburn, the tear filled his eye at the thought of losing the endearments of her infant sweetness, and the enchantment of her unceasing gaiety; but as he turned his gaze on Justina, a deeper sorrow wrung his heart: her soft, interesting countenance, beamed with a resemblance so tender, so touching, so sacred, that he felt it almost impossible to part with her.—“Augusta,” said he to Mrs. Ranmore, “what a trust do I repose in you!”

“Faithful will I be to it,” replied she: “when do you sail?”

“In a few hours; but I must not stay here any longer; my fortitude is failing. I will write to you the first opportunity. God bless you, my beloved children! God bless you, my sister! oh teach them to remember and love their father, who can never forget them!”

Strong emotion choked his utterance; his children gazed at him with wonder. Justina clung to him as he stood.—“Where are you going, dear papa? you are not going to leave your Justina, are you?”

“Yes, my child! I must leave you for awhile; but do not cry so; you will have your dear little sister, and your kind aunt

with you, and God will take care of you all."

"Oh, don't leave me, dear papa! don't leave me," cried she, grasping him as firmly as her little strength would allow, while her deep sobs expressed the anguish of her heart; "mamma has left us, but she was sick, and God took her to heaven, but why do you leave us, dear papa?"

"Oh, spare me, my darling!" cried the melting father; "let me go while I can: I must leave you now indeed, my child, but I trust I shall come back to you again, and then I will bring you and Augusta a great many pretty things."

Justina still held him with all her power; her sobs increased—"Oh, take me with you, dear papa! take me with you!"

"Would you leave your little sister?—would you leave your aunt?"

"Oh, take me with you, dear papa! take me with you!"

"My child, I am going to a far country, I am going across a great ocean, I cannot take you with me, you are too young; you will stay with your aunt and sister, who love you so much; I will come back to you, my love," said he, raising her and

pressing her to his heart, "and then I will quit you no more."

"Oh, dear papa, take your own little Justina with you!"

As she spoke, she fixed her blue eyes upon his face; they pleaded with an eloquence his heart could not resist.—"Yes, I will," said he, "take my own little Justina with me; that image can never plead in vain."

"You are not in earnest surely, brother?" said Mrs. Ranmore.

"Yes, I am; collect her little wardrobe, while I go for a carriage."

Mrs. Ranmore expostulated without effect; to take her with him had now become the father's wish as well as his child's. They embarked together, and after a short and pleasant voyage, arrived in London.

On entering London, Melross went with his little daughter to the house of one of his correspondents, until he could find lodgings that suited him; in this he was successful the next day. He was recommended to apply to Mr. and Mrs. Selwin, who lived in Clarges-street; their house was small, but as they had no other boarders, they were able to let him have two rooms; a



commodious one for himself, and a smaller one for his child, near Mrs. Selwin's, who also undertook the care of her.

Mr. and Mrs. Selwin were religious, respectable people, and Mr. Melross was much pleased with their appearance and manners; but his satisfaction respecting his abode was entire, when he found that his little girl was directly taken with the motherly, friendly aspect of Mrs. Selwin, who also seemed charmed with the sweet countenance of his darling. His domestic arrangements being formed, he proceeded with a firm yet aching heart to the examination of the concerns that brought him from his native land. He found his affairs in a worse condition than he had even feared. Many of those he had employed had been faithless to their trust; and while they had enriched themselves at his expence, had injured his fame to shield their own. At the same time he had the agony of seeing many worthy families impoverished by his failure, through the base arts of those he had unsuspectingly confided in. It was an intricate business to unravel all the mazes in which their avarice, artifice, and treachery, had involved him. It was

painful too to a benevolent being, who delighted in loving his fellow-men, to charge them with dishonesty and perfidy. All hope of wealth, or even competence, for himself or children, he could resign without a sigh; but to have his honour, his integrity doubted, was insupportable to his noble heart; and the fear that his apparent want of consistent conduct, in its pure morality, might cast a stain on that gospel, it was his glory to profess, shot anguish to his soul. He bowed to the will of his heavenly Father, as it respected his own and his children's poverty, with perfect acquiescence; but he had to struggle much for resignation to be viewed as the instrument of ill to others, or to have his own name branded with dishonour; but, above all, he prayed, that whatever might be his own fate or sufferings, the cause of religion might not be reproached for his supposed want of adherence to its holy precepts. It was, however, his duty, as well as his fervent wish, to do all in his power to avert the ill effects his failure had produced. For this purpose he wrote to a friend in New-York, on whose probity he could rely, to have the whole of

his large property sold, without reservation or delay. He had many houses in that city, and immense tracts of land throughout the different states; and the proceeds of the sale of all his possessions he could not but hope would be adequate to the payment of all his debts and responsibilities, both at home and abroad, numerous and extensive as they were.

Delays and disappointments were constantly occurring, but still hope led him on from year to year. During these years of exile his little Justina was his heart's solace; never did he reach his place of abode without thanking Heaven that he had been induced to bring her with him; and always, when he entered and closed his door, he endeavoured to shake off every distracting care, with which the world oppressed him, that he might find nothing but peace with his child, and not affect her youthful spirits with the gloom of his own. Oh, how delightful it was for him, to exchange the crowd of clamorous and suspicious creditors, for the society of the lovely little being, who sprung to his embrace, and who hailed his approach as the plentitude of her felicity!—to turn from the eyes of scruti-

nizing distrust, to those of sweetest tenderness,

“ That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon,”

and whose every glance beamed with confidence in his truth and affection !

Her education was now his “ delightful task,” and in this he had every aid in the excellent writers of the present day, to which the youthful mind is so much indebted for instruction and entertainment; he himself loved to read all their works, and his mind mixed with his child's in her pleasures and her studies. He was her instructor in all the useful branches of knowledge. The short tasks he gave her in grammar, arithmetic, geography, French, and history, she learnt during his absence, and recited them to him on his return; he then explained the subjects to her, until he was convinced she entirely understood them, and set her lessons for the next day, which he varied, that he might not fatigue her mind. They then read together such books as he selected, suited to her youthful capacity, and calculated to improve her morals and understanding. She would willingly have read from morning to night, and from night until morning, but he was fearful she might ac-

quire habits too sedentary for her health, and he therefore consigned her over to Mrs. Selwin for several hours of the day, to run about the house with her; and she frequently boasted to her smiling father that she had assisted in making the pudding, or the pie, which he had just pronounced to be so excellent.

## CHAPTER II.

~~~~~

It blossom'd not in dreary wild,  
 In darksome glen, or desert bower,  
 But grew, like Flora's fav'rite child,  
 In sunbeam soft, and fragrant slywer.  
 The parent's stalk from which it sprung,  
 Transported, as its halo spread,  
 In holy umbrage o'er it hung,  
 And tears of heaven-born rapture shed.

HOLLAND.

MR. Melross was cheered at this time with letters from Mrs. Rammore, informing him of the health and welfare of herself and his little Augusta, and that they had removed from the city of New-York to A——, a pleasant and healthful town situated on the banks of the Hudson.

“ Dear papa,” said Justina, “ Augusta tells me in her letter that she goes to dancing-school.”

“ Yes, your aunt writes me the same; she sends her, she says, as they say in the play, ‘ that she may learn to stand still;’ but you can stand still without going to dancing-school, can you not?”

“ I know *that*, papa.”

“ But would you like to go, Justina?”

“ Not unless you wish it.”

Melross thought seriously on the subject; for the mere act of dancing he cared nothing, but she was diffident, and it might give her self-possession; she had no youthful associates, she led with him a life of solitude, and he feared that she would acquire a gravity unsuitable to her years. Dancing was said to give grace and ease to the manners, it was also an agreeable exercise, and beneficial to health. But these arguments were counterpoised by others. In his present circumstances he wished to avoid all unnecessary expence, to which this might lead. Her diffidence was the offspring of sensibility, which her own sense of propriety, as she advanced in life, would correct; and until then, it was a guardian of discre-

tion, of which he would not wish her to be divested. As long as she was happy without any associate but himself and Mrs. Selwin, her having others was not essential. She was playful, cheerful, and ingenuous; she had now no feeling she wished to conceal, and perhaps a larger range of associates might introduce her to some, which, at her early age of imitation, she had better not become acquainted with; she now missed them not: her having companions elder than herself he considered as an advantage, for it taught her sooner to put away childish things; it gave her early habits of reflection, and being accustomed to hear them converse, she profited by their experience and wisdom. As it respected the ease and gracefulness of manners, which it was said learning to dance bestowed, he acknowledged, that in many instances it might be of service; but as his eye followed the movements of his child, he thought that to teach her new graces would only be

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume to the violet.”

The extreme beauty too, of which she now appeared to be totally thoughtless, early flattery might teach her to overvalue; as

she grew up, he trusted that the dignity of her manners would prevent flattery from assailing her too openly, and until then he would willingly guard her from its seductions. This exceeding beauty he sometimes observed with anxious solicitude for the future; but he could not regret it, for it was the image of one he wished her entirely to resemble. As he gazed on the varying expression of her face, where soul united with features and complexion to make it touchingly beautiful, he could only feel gratitude to that Power, who in this way, even on earth,

“ ——— Can give us back the dead,  
 E'en with the loveliest look they wore.”

To afford her more exercise, he now devised a plan which he hoped would be conducive to her health, as well as to his own, which he already felt to be impaired. This was to make an excursion every fine afternoon as far from the city as they pleased; they then dismissed the carriage, and enjoyed a charming country ramble, until the setting sun warned them that it was time to return, when they availed themselves of some passing stage-coach, which was easily done, as public carriages were to be met



with every hour of the day on the various roads leading to London. These healthful excursions were enchanting to Justina, who was an enthusiast in her love for all the scenes of nature; she would bound along the grass, gather large bunches of wild flowers to take home with her to copy, under the direction of her father, or dip her hands into the clear currents that flowed through the meadows, whilst her father tasted the purest pleasure in witnessing her animated enjoyment. When they were tired, they would sit down on a log beneath the shade of a tree, to converse; sometimes she recited her lessons to him, or he would instruct her, from the varied stores of knowledge with which his mind was furnished.

In this way did they visit all the environs of London, and Justina thought herself the happiest being in the world; nor could the pensive Melross witness her transports without sharing them, with all the force of that purest and most endearing of sympathies, which binds a parent to his child. She was indeed one of the happiest of human beings, for, besides these delightful rambles, the affection of her father, and the friendship of Mrs. Selwin, reading was to her a source of

exhaustless, unwearied enjoyment. Absorbed in the works of the historian, the moralist, and the poet, she would "forget all time, all seasons, and their change." Her father almost regretted the absorbing interest with which she read, and entered into the feelings of every character, with a sympathy that was, at times, productive of useless pain; she would weep over sorrows that had for ages passed away; and in the little narratives and tales he allowed her to peruse, she felt indignant at every wrong inflicted—shared every pleasure, and loved, and feared, and hated, as if the personages mentioned were all alive, and before her. In reading poetry, her heart-strings thrilled under the hand of the poet, in symphony with his own lyre. The father would have been inclined to mourn over the enthusiasm of her character, but he knew that it was inseparable from the qualities which he was pleased she did possess; his business, therefore, was to direct it aright; it was a heaven-born flame, and must be taught to ascend to its source, for nothing earthly could justify the excess with which she was prone to admire and love—nothing earthly could justify the reposing faith with

which she confided in those she loved—nothing earthly was worthy to receive the entire self-devotion of her soul, which made the perfections and glory of another her own blessedness.

Justina could not recollect the time when she was able to go to bed or rise without repeating the infant prayers, and some little hymn she had been taught. Her parents had founded her morality on the holy precepts of her God and Saviour; not to offend Him who loved little children, was the law of love impressed on her heart. To her opening capacity her father unfolded the simple and sublime truths of the gospel, so plain and simple, that “those who run may read,” yet so vast, that the soul, in receiving them, expands all its powers, and yet is lost in the “unsearchable riches” of the “love that passeth knowledge,” which hath purchased heaven at a price so dear. Justina observed the hand of God in all she read; in history she not only perceived it in the rise and fall of nations, but saw it marked in the life of every individual of whom she read. Her favourite poets too, Young, Milton, and Cowper, were full of the sublimity and love of God. She felt, indeed, that the Supreme

Being was the author of the sublime; for there is not a feeling of the soul, which partakes of the sublime, that does not, by its own impulse, ascend to God. She felt this in every scene in nature—she felt it in every thing that was grand in moral action, or soaring in thought. The change of a renewed heart, was to Justina unmarked only by an increase of joy and gratitude, and a more near appropriation of the God she loved, to her own soul. She had been drawn by the cords of love, and her heart had been so richly cultured by parental care, that religion fell on a soil favourable to its growth.

Enthusiasm is by some allowed to display itself on all subjects but religion. They will start into rapture at any thing earthly which they think beautiful; exhibit, with glowing eloquence, their admiration of the poet, the painter, the sculptor; their hearts will swell and burst forth into gratitude to exalt some munificent earthly benefactor; and they will describe, in adoring strains, their powerful affection for some human object: but to the supreme fountain of love and beauty, whose sun warms and cheers us—who scatters around us the lavish gifts of his providence—"who makes all nature beauty—to

the eye, and music to the ear,—who redeemeth our life from destruction, who crowneth us with loving-kindness and tender mercies—who hath so loved us, as to purchase for us salvation with his own blood!—here we must pause, and check the rising transports of gratitude and praise, ere they reach the lips; each emotion “must be noiseless and still, like the dews of heaven;” our lives must be moral, for by that we earn heaven, by the right of justice, and why should we be grateful for what is only our due? To be moral, too, is no difficult task, as we are born without sin: to be ~~sure~~, we do read of people who have been wicked, and our own observation of mankind informs us, that they sometimes behave amiss, for which we are rather at a loss to account, as no such propensities belong to human nature.

Justina would have made but a poor proselyte of this sect, for in reading the history of her Lord, from his birth to his glorious ascension, it supplied her ardent mind with themes that filled her soul with love, and exalted it to rapture.. She meditated until she felt her heart, like his disciples, burn within her; she wanted to tell man, woman,

and child, of the love of Christ; she thought it ought to spread through the whole world; that it ought to sound from heart to heart, from tongue to tongue. Forgive, oh ye enlightened, rational beings, forgive the youthful enthusiast!

Her watchful parent, observing the tendency of her mind, unfolded to her the doctrines of the Bible. He shewed to her, from it, that Adam had transmitted to his posterity the depravity of his fallen nature; but that the salvation purchased by the Redeemer was freely offered to all—that by “His grace we are saved;” and that, though our faith and love made us “zealous of good works,” yet that “resurrection and life, and entrance into the joy of the Lord,” was the free gift of the Son of God; “Come, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, buy ye wine and milk, without money and without price.”

Justina's heart was by nature tender, and this assimilation to the character of her Saviour made it still more so. “She felt for all that lives;” the want and wretchedness daily exhibited in the streets made her heart ach, and she parted with her own vestments and food, until her father had to reprove and

forbid her. The exhausted horse, under the lash of a merciless master, or the dog, harassed and tortured by cruel boys, excited her pity, and frequently her tears.—

“Dear papa,” said she, one day as he entered, “we know that our heavenly Father is merciful, why then does he permit so much misery and cruelty in the world?”

“The world, my dear child, is full of suffering, the consequence which the sin of Adam has entailed on the human race; from wrath to come the Son of God has redeemed us; but in this world we shall ever feel and labour under the dire inheritance of our first parents.”

“All men are not equally sinful, dear papa, or equally prone to sin, are they?”

“All, my child, must feel in their hearts, whether they acknowledge it or not, the seeds of sin, which education, by giving us good habits, or restraining grace, though perhaps, we are not at the time conscious of it, frequently prevents from breaking out into open wickedness. For this purpose God has implanted conscience in our hearts, and the more we attend to its dictates, the less we yield to sin.”

“Do not all men believe in the depravity of human nature, sir?”

“Some assert that they do not.”

“They do not read their Bibles then, or believe them.”

“They certainly do not believe thus far in them; for it is a truth most explicitly declared there; it is indeed the foundation of the whole plan of redemption, of which the Bible is the revelation.”

“But, dear papa, if they do not believe the Bible, they might know the depravity of human nature without it, if they only read history, or even the newspapers, or only looked out of the windows.”

“I don’t know, my dear girl, of a single argument they can advance in favour of their doctrine; but they do not rely so much on the power of their arguments in favour of their own creed, as on their bitterness against ours; and that, too, without appearing to know any thing about it; at least, all their objections are founded in such misrepresentation, that it is a pretty plain proof that their grounds for opposing us are very poor indeed.”

“What do they say, papa?”



"To whom are you indebted for salvation, my child?"

"To the atonement of my Saviour—to his perfect obedience."

"You believe salvation to be his own free gift to you?"

"Certainly, dear papa."

"Have you no merit of your own to plead?"

"Merit of my own! Oh, dear papa, you know I have none."

"But if you live long enough, do all the good, and as little evil as you can, what then?"

— "If I ever reach heaven, it must be by my dear Saviour; you know the Bible says, 'he is the way,' and that 'there is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby ye may be saved.'"

"Well, then, my child, you have nothing farther to do, have you?"

"Farther to do, dear papa! why must I not live to my Lord? has he not said, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments?' Must I not prove my faith and my love by obeying him in all things, and devoting my life to his service?"

"Yes, my child, you must; you are no

“true Christian if you do not; but because we believe with the apostle that we are ‘saved by grace,’ our adversaries insist that the works which we hold as the indispensable evidence of our faith, we discard as altogether useless.”

“But they know better, do they not, dear papa?”

“They must be very ignorant if they do not, for we have explained it thousands of times; yet still do they return to the same charge, in their own uncandid way of stating it. But be not distressed, my love; to be calumniated ever was, and ever will be, part of the heritage of the disciples of Jesus on earth. They must all be, in some degree,

‘Patient to bear their Master’s mournful lot  
Of suffering.’”

“Of course, dear papa, they must be very full of good works themselves, and not waste a single moment of their lives, for fear they may lose the heaven which they are to earn by their own efforts.”

“Your conclusion, my child, is a natural one, but experience has, with me, proved its error: those whom I have found the most strenuous supporters of the doctrine

of self-righteousness, have been those that I should have expected, for the sake of their present peace at least, would have been the strongest advocates for the opposite doctrine, with even all their own exaggerated misrepresentations of it; for it came from those whose works would indeed condemn them.

“You now, my child, hope to receive heaven by the purchase of your Saviour: suppose you were to be told, that, instead of your expected heaven, you were to be banished for ever from the presence of God to eternal wo, would you not only acknowledge his justice, but be willing to suffer for ever for his glory?”

“Oh, dear papa, you make me shudder; could he be just in doing so, when my Saviour paid for me such a price? You know the apostle says ‘There is now therefore no condemnation,’ and am I required to be willing to go where he never intends to send me?”

“No, my love, it is not required; but this is another charge which is continually brought against us, and which we are as continually refuting.”

“ But does any body believe such a doctrine, papa ? ”

“ I don't know whether any body in reality can ; I only know that I have never met with any one who believed it, or thought it necessary to believe it, and who did not view it as a misrepresentation of those whose only resource for the defence of their own creed appears to consist in a constant effort to revile and pour contempt on a faith which they have never been so just as to examine.”

### CHAPTER III.

.....

—————He came,  
From the dark ages of the infant world  
Foretold—the prophets' everlasting burthen.  
The virgin bare the Son, the Angelic Hosts  
Burst out in song—the Father from his clouds  
Declar'd him. To his miracles of might  
Consenting, Nature own'd her Lord.      MILMAN

ONE evening, on returning home, Melross found his daughter, with a disturbed and sorrowful countenance, reading in the Bible

and turning its leaves.—“What ails you, my child? for what are you looking?”

Justina came and sat by him, and with tears in her eyes, said—“I will tell you, papa; I was sitting with Mrs. Selwin this morning, when a gentleman called to see her: they began in their conversation to talk about religion, and he said, in the course of his talk—dear papa, I dare hardly utter the words—but he strongly asserted, that our blessed Lord was not God as well as man, but was only sent to be a teacher, and exemplar, as he called it: he looked very much like a gentleman, and talked very plausibly and fluently: Mrs. Selwin mentioned some incontrovertible texts; but he said he did not believe they were so in the Hebrew; besides, if they were, they were figurative, and the Bible must not be read literally. Mrs. Selwin said, that those who denied the divinity of the Saviour, must believe nearly the whole Bible to be figurative, and she could not think, that the book given to be the rule of life to the meanest capacity, would thus have abounded with figures tending to mislead; but that she thought what was explicitly and plainly declared, was meant to be believed.

He said, there was no arguing, he found, with people who had nothing more than common sense, and neither science nor genius; and who were determined blindly to believe what transcended human reason, merely because the Bible declared it. Then, after conversing on a variety of literary subjects, he took his leave. When he was gone, Mrs. Selwin repeated these lines of Beatie's:

“ 'I was thus by the glare of false science betray'd,  
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.' ”

“ But why does all this disturb you, Justina? What this gentleman has said, has had no influence, I trust, on your belief in your Saviour? ”

“ No, dear papa; but then I was thinking what is to become of this poor man, who has had a Saviour offered to him, and who has not only rejected, but denied him. ”

“ We will hope, my love, that he will yet be awakened to the infinite importance of his immortal being, and then he will seek a Saviour, whom he will find as compassionate as he is almighty. ”

“ We will pray for him, dear father! ”

“ We will, my child; he is our brother,

and sympathy in joy, and sorrow, and affection, should unite the race of Adam."

"But besides being sorry," said Justina, "for this poor man, some of the things he said dwell on my mind: does the Hebrew indeed differ from our translation?"

"Not the least, in meaning, that I could ever discover," replied he; "it was translated by those who had no interest but the love of truth; and as our learned ministers study the Hebrew as part of their education, errors, if there had been any, would have been discovered by them. Our commentators too frequently refer to the Hebrew text, and yet I think it is right that all who are able, and have doubts, should judge for themselves; and it was for this purpose I made myself master of both the Hebrew and Greek, that I might read the Scriptures in the original."

"Dear papa, will you then shew me some passages?"

"I was in hopes," cried he, "that my babe in Christ would have gained more in the 'stature, and fulness, and maturity of his faith,' ere she met with one of those poisoners of the 'waters drawn from the wells of salvation;' but since it has hap-

opened, we will read the word of life together, with the express and only purpose of finding out from it if Christ is really the Son of God, equal with the Father—Awful, yet important investigation!”

“My father, you make me tremble! What if we should find that he is not our God, mighty to save; that his blood and atonement is not sufficient for the ransom of millions and millions of our race; what then is to become of all our hopes of the promised heaven?”

“Child of my Justina!” cried the melting father, “and dearer to me still as the child of Jesus, fear not! Yet come to me too, as much as you can, with your faith and your love, and all your hopes of heaven, passive in the cause, and we will search the Scriptures, with only our understanding awake.”

Justina prepared, at the request of her father, a blank book, in which she was to write the texts most convincing to herself, while her father placed on the table his Hebrew Old Testament and his Greek New Testament, which he carefully examined on every disputed text, and shewed to Justina their bearings on each other. She marked



the texts that most struck her, (and in the absence of her father it was her employment to write them down: It was their business, part of every morning for some months, to read and examine the Scriptures. It was a sight on which angels might have stopped to gaze! to see the father, with his pale, yet noble brow, marked more by the hand of care, sorrow, and disease, than by that of time, with his blooming child, bending over the word of life, and searching as for "hidden treasure." Nor was their toil unrewarded; for they did indeed find the "pearl of great price;" and Justina, as her experienced father well knew she would, rose from the deep research, and thorough investigation, an established believer in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God most high, the voluntary and omnipotent Redeemer of the race of fallen man; and they closed the book with praise "unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

Some days after, Melross asked his daughter to look at her book of selected texts, on which she had founded her proofs of the divinity of her Lord. Justina rose and put the Bible into her father's hand.- -

“This is the book, my father, which is *all proof*; I made many books of texts, but I found at last it would be a most formidable task, for the texts crowded on me

‘——As in a rolling flood  
Wave urges wave.’

The meanings were often so connected, and different texts threw such light on each other, that, to do them justice, I would sometimes have to write nearly a whole chapter; I therefore have concluded that we must take the whole Scriptures: for, as our Saviour says, ‘they are they which testify of me.’

“Your conclusion is right, my child; yet, nevertheless, I should like to see some of the texts you have selected. In the first place, have you found that he is expressly called God any where?”

“Oh yes, with a great variety of titles, too numerous to write. [See Note I. at the end of the volume.]

“I have also selected numerous passages where he is called man, and which clearly prove his human nature. [See Note II.]’

“I will now cite, my dear father, a num-

ber of texts, which demonstrate the truth and faithfulness of God the Son. [See Note III.]

“In the following texts,” said Justina, “he is spoken of as Jehovah—Jehovah, who swore an oath to Abraham at mount Moriah. [See Note IV.]

“He is then spoken of as a Light—as the Truth—as a Shepherd—as a Prophet—as a Mediator—as an High Priest—as a King; and by many other titles and names, descriptive of his divine character and attributes. Sec, my dear father,” said Justina, “what a multitude of authorities I have noted down, to prove all this to the entire conviction, I should suppose, of all who believe in the Scriptures.” [See Note V.]

Melross then put into her hands a paper, containing some texts which he had taken and translated from his Hebrew Bible, tending to shew a plurality of persons in the Eternal Godhead; [See Note VI.] and then opening a volume that was lying on his table, he requested her to read the following passage from the writings of the immortal Locke—“Whoever would attain to a true knowledge of the Christian Religion, in the full and just extent of it, let him study the

Holy Scriptures, especially the *New Testament*, wherein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

## CHAPTER IV.

---

And so pure  
 Rise the eternal hopes, call'd by the anguish  
 Of a world-wearied spirit: with such light  
 They rush before me, like a sunny ray  
 Piercing the dark shades of my clouded thoughts,  
 That for such high and holy consolations  
 I welcome misery. MISS ROSCOE.

"YOUR texts, my child," said Melross, the next morning, to his daughter, "though they contain a flood of evidence, sufficient, connected with the parts to which they belong, to bring conviction to a soul sincerely seeking the truth, are yet only portions of water brought from the ocean, to which those must repair who wish to search for the depths of the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"But is it—can it be possible, my dear

father," said Justina, "that any one can read the whole Bible, and yet deny the divinity of the Saviour?"

"They say they read it, my dear; and we must believe them."

"But where there is such a blaze of light," said she, "how can it be that some of its rays do not penetrate their souls?"

"Can the blind see the sun?" said Melross; "can the deaf hear the voice of thunder? can the dead move?"

"Yes, dear father, they can; for there is one who can open the eyes of the blind, unstop the deaf ear, and bid the dead come forth, and we will hope that he will do it; we will pray for them, dear father, that they may be excited to read the Bible, divested of all prejudice, and praying earnestly, as they read, for the light of truth."

"In such a prayer, my child, I will unite with my whole heart."

Justina now felt herself so strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, that she thought there was no proof of faith she could not stand—no trial she could not undergo; indeed, with the enthusiasm of early converts, she almost longed for trials and reproaches, that she might prove herself

worthy to suffer for the Lord. She thought with Job, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

She was artlessly pouring forth these feelings to her father, when he said to her—  
"You will certainly meet with many trials in this life, my dear; and I rejoice to think that you will have such support through them, which, if you seek, you will never fail to find; there is no very distant trial probably awaits you."

"What is it?" she exclaimed.

"How do you think," said Melross, "you will bear separation from me?"

Justina started, viewed at a glance his pale face and wasted form, and instantly comprehended his meaning.—"My father," cried she, folding her arms around him, while her tears flowed over his face, "I could die with you!"

"But that is not to be your trial, my child," said he, wiping her tears from his cheek, with which his own were mingling.

"But we must not anticipate sorrow; we often think we could not bear such or such trials, because, as we imagine them, we think we could not. Our strength is not laid up in ourselves, but in Christ; our daily bread

is given—our manna falls from ~~day~~ to day; we have the promise, as your ~~day~~ is, so shall your strength be; besides, we are commanded to hope ~~in~~ God; encourage then the cheerfulness this hope inspires; we are told, ‘all things will work together for our good,’ and what can we desire more?”

Many and interesting were the conversations held by the father and daughter on heavenly subjects. He felt that he was soon to leave her in a foreign land, and he wished to impart to her such a view of the transitoriness of life, and of death divested of its terrors, as would give fortitude to her filial heart to sustain the approaching scene. They would soon meet, and meet to part no more; he would only arrive before her, at most a few fleeting years, at the haven of blessedness. She must not grieve too much, but open her heart to receive the spirit of consolation, which would be offered to her. She would return to her native land—to her beloved sister and aunt, to whom she would have many duties to fulfil.

“Dear father, do you think Augusta loves the Saviour too?”

“I trust she has been educated in the fear and love of the Lord,” said he; “your aunt

is a pious and truly enlightened woman, and she loves her too well not to guide her into the path of happiness."

Melross still went abroad for some hours in the morning, to which his business compelled him; but now always returned so exhausted and weary, that he had immediately, on reaching home, to repair to his couch, where his daughter watched every look, caught every sound of his lips, and seemed to know all his wishes ere he uttered them. When his eye rested on a book, she prepared to read for him; and exerted all her skill as a confectioner, to prepare syrups to assuage the cough, that now almost incessantly harassed him.

He returned home one day with a countenance bright and cheerful; his usually pensive eye was even joyous, and a flush of happiness was spread over his face.—“How well you look, dear father!” said Justina, to whose attentive eye no change in his was ever unnoticed; “surely, you may yet recover your health entirely.”

“To-day is, indeed, to me,” said Melross, “a day of rapturous gratitude, such as repays the toil and harrowing cares of many years. My God has enabled me, ere he calls



me hence, to pay every debt I owe; my creditors now lose nothing by my misfortunes, and my integrity is felt and acknowledged by them all. I received from my father a name of unsullied honour, and I transmit it to my children without a stain."

Justina more than shared in the transports of her father; for while she sympathized with him, she felt elevated at being allied to virtue, and something like the pride of birth tainted her pure mind. But her sensitive conscience did not long neglect its office. She said—"Dear father, is not the pride of family a fault?"

"Pride of all kinds, my child, is odious in the sight of God; you know pride was not made for man: to be descended from virtuous parents—to be, as it were, hereditary Christians—to be able to raise our hands in prayer, and say, 'God of my fathers!'—is indeed a blessed privilege, when we profit by their instruction and example. Glorious ancestry! treasury of exhaustless love! 'having mercy for thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.' Draw freely on it. 'But this illustrious descent gives no pride of rank, looks not with scorn on those less favoured; it is a lineage

of transmitted love to the whole human race; it knows the value of the soul which Christ died to save; endeavours to impart the knowledge of his love to all, and it implores for all the benefits of that overpowering grace, which, like the deluge of old, 'rolls its shoreless ocean round the globe,' and surges down all distinctions. The religion of the meek and lowly Jesus abases the pride of haughty birth, cultivated intellect, soaring genius, and refined philosophy; the humble and contrite heart is its true habitation. Remember, my child, that should your future situation in life be distinguished, the higher your station in society, and the wider the influence which either wealth, or talents, or any thing else may procure you, the more numerous may be the stings which your pride may have the power to shoot around you. And, on the contrary, if you cultivate benevolent feelings, and amiable manners, the more extensive will be the happiness you may diffuse. How often have I seen a sting sent into the bosom of humble merit (who perhaps only asked a look of recognition), by neglect or disdain, when a smile or friendly word would have cheered and animated it!"

Justina treasured in her heart these observations of her father.

The disease of Melross rapidly increased each day; but we will not dwell on the mournful recital. He blessed his Justina, and sent his blessing to his long absent, but not forgotten child, on the other side of the Atlantic, and consigned them both, with messages of love, to the protection of their aunt. He confided his soul to the care of that Almighty Redeemer who had been his guide through life, and who, he felt assured, would be his support in death, and his portion beyond the grave. To his charge and guidance he left his orphaned, portionless children, without a fear, knowing that he is faithful who hath promised; and he died in peace and triumph. Nor will we dwell on the anguish of a youthful heart, first awakened to woe; yet which felt, at times, that the richest consolations, the sweetest soothing of religion, and the most radiant anticipations of heaven, are reserved for those dark hours, which the world may imagine are spent in despair.

Mr. Westby, who had been one of the principal creditors of Mr. Melross, complying with arrangements previously made

with him, procured a passage for Justina in one of his own ships. After taking a tearful and affectionate leave of Mrs. Selwin, she was placed under the care of a respectable lady, who was returning to New-York. The passive and mournful girl was treated with kindness and attention by all the passengers, which she returned with gentleness and gratitude. But she retired from conversation, and seemed to find no other pleasure than in gazing on the expanse of ocean, and watching the waves as they rolled. The excitement which the scene produced had a benign influence on her mind; it seemed to lift her above grief; the world of waters reminded her of the immensity of eternity, and the grandeur of her Creator's kingdom, to which time appeared but a "needle's point," and all below but bubbles glittering in the sunshine. This time, too, so brief, which was given her to serve her Lord on earth—was it right, to waste it in mourning at his dispensations? These, and similar reflections, induced her to make a strong effort to recover something like cheerfulness, and to enter when required into conversation with the passengers. There were also many books in the

cabin, and she tried one day to be interested in one of them, but the keen relish was gone — “I used to tell my dear father about all that I read.” She closed the book, and wept. She tried her needle, and succeeded better in her desire of losing her sorrow in occupation. “He was always pleased to see me industrious.” This thought gave a new charm to sewing, and it now became part of the employment of each day. The thought of what he would approve often prompted her to do what else might not have occurred to her mind. “He wished to see me affable and polite to every one.” She therefore, notwithstanding a timidity her father once feared she would find it difficult to conquer, reciprocated every act of politeness, spoke a word of kindness frequently to all the domestics, and had something expressive of benevolent feeling, generally blended with religion, to say to the rough sailors whom she passed on deck. The sweet influence of her manners was thrown over them all, and they refrained from swearing in her presence, because she had gently hinted that it pained her.

Nearly five weeks had now passed on the sea, when the light of Sandy Hook was

hailed by the voyagers, "like a star in life's tremulous ocean," and soon after the magnificent harbour and city of New-York opened to their view.—"It is my native land!" cried Justina, as her heart glowed with the thought that she was an American; "I shall always love England too," said she, melting into tender remembrances; "it is the land of Cowper, Milton, Hannah More, Edgeworth, and of all the writers that have amused my childhood, and informed my youth. It is also endeared to me, for ever, by the society and instructions of my father, and as the land where his sacred relics lie."

After an absence of nine years, Justina landed in New-York; she had left it when a child of six years old, and she returned a tall and elegant girl of fifteen. Her aunt had removed to A—— soon after Justina had gone to England, and she still resided there. Justina went therefore to the house of Mrs. G. Ranmore, who had married the brother of her aunt's late husband, and who had also been the friend of Justina's mother.—"It is Justina Falkland herself!" exclaimed Mrs. Ranmore, on seeing her.

. She received a most cordial welcome from

that were esteemed the best. When at home, she employed her time as she pleased; her aunt did not dictate to her, for indeed she never was able to perceive that Augusta was prone to a single fault; whatever domestic cares or vexations disturbed the serenity of Mrs. Ranmore, the presence of her darling niece always dispelled every cloud from her brow, and brought back smiles and sunshine.

The vigilant, but gentle eye of Justina, however, soon discovered many faults which were the offspring of extreme indulgence: she found that Augusta knew but little of the value and regulation of time, and that every branch of education to which her attention had been directed, had been learned very superficially; she rose just at what hour she thought agreeable, she generally depended on learning her lesson on her way to school, which her ready memory allowed her to do, but which was forgotten nearly as soon as recited. Her time at home was spent in reading just what she pleased, without order, or any design but amusement, or with talking and laughing with her aunt, or assisting her when she happened to be in a humour for it.

Justina represented to her, in the kindest manner, the consequences of these habits, and besought her earnestly to exert herself to break them. Augusta at first only laughed at her, and said, 'she never intended to take her education so hard; that she did not consider it conducive to health or spirits to study or work too much.'

"To have a good conscience, sister," said Justina, "is good for both health and spirits, and surely yours cannot be satisfied with such a waste of time."

By the sweet influence of example, and the gentlest admonitions, pressed with earnest affection, Justina, by degrees, excited her wish to become like the sister she began to love so dearly, and she became, at her request, her delighted instructress. She had brought with her the books she had used in her own education, and now pursued the same course of reading and study with her sister, that she herself had gone over in company with her father. Mournful, yet sweet, were the remembrances that daily recurred to her mind; she explained difficulties that her sister met with, often in the same language that her father had explained them



to her; for his words and his voice would be present to her memory. Sometimes she would say—"Our dear father said it was so." This would always instantly satisfy Augusta, who began to view Justina in a peculiar light, as one invested with authority by the father whom she revered, though she knew him not, to teach and guide her.

Justina's expressed wish she now never thought of disobeying; she rose in the morning as early as she called her, and learned whatever she bade her learn. Justina was in an ecstasy at the rapid improvement of her sister—"How pleased our dear father would be with you!" she said to her one day.

"Would he not be pleased with you too, dear Justina, who have taken such pains to make his ignorant wayward child more worthy of him?"

"What a feeling of happiness has your sentiment given my heart!" said Justina; "it more than repays what I have done for you."

She selected for her sister the authors she thought most beneficial for her to read; she also taught her to draw, for which they both possessed a taste; and at the close of three

For four years, the pupil of Justina knew nearly as much as herself. Their dispositions, however, in many respects, differed widely; Augusta derived sport from almost every object; without feeling any real malice, she saw things in a ridiculous point of view, and would describe them so ludicrously, that Justina herself could not forbear joining in her mirth. She herself, on the contrary, looked with lenity and tenderness on the faults or ludicrous appearances of all; chaste and simple in her own attire, and in all that surrounded her, she let other people adopt whatever style of dress they chose, and furnish their houses as they pleased, without censure or criticism; she let all their concerns so much alone, unless it was something in which she had power to assist them, that her aunt remarked, that if it depended on Justina, she should never hear any news.

"There, Justina," said Augusta, "do you hear that? if it was not for me, our dear aunt would receive no entertainment from what happens abroad."

One day, on returning from church, Augusta was describing a number of new hats

which had appeared that morning among the gay ladies of the congregation, none of which suited her taste: some flared too much from the face, some were too large or too scant, and some were too much overloaded with lace, gauze, feathers, or flowers. A descant on shawls next ensued, until her sister said—"One would suppose, Augusta, from your conversation, that people went to church only to see what each other had on."

"Why, how can I help seeing," said Augusta, "without I shut my eyes? and then I might go to sleep, you know, which you would approve of still less."

"It is not *my* approbation that you must think of in church," replied her sister.

Mrs. Ranmore and her sister-in-law, in New-York, kept up a friendship which had commenced in childhood, and in which their children shared. Every summer Harriet and Louisa Ranmore passed many weeks with Justina and Augusta, which was very pleasant to them all. These two young ladies, and the two Miss Marleys, who lived with their mother, next door to Mrs. Ranmore, were the most intimate associates of the two sisters. Catherine Marley was a very lovely girl; she had much congeniality

both in mind and heart with Justina. As there was seldom a day which did not bring the families together, a close and endearing intimacy could not fail to be the consequence.

• Two years had elapsed since the eldest Miss Ranmore had been married to Mr. Roswell, who was now in such a delicate state of health, that his physicians recommended to him a voyage to Bermuda, to pass the late autumnal months and the winter. His wife had always felt a great horror of the ocean; but her love for him, "which many waters could not quench," made her resolve to accompany him. She thought if she could prevail on Justina to go with her, she should have a friend and assistant in every exigency. Her own sister she knew could not go, for their mother's health was so weak, that she was obliged, very often, to commit to her daughter the care of the family. Mrs. Roswell, therefore, wrote to Justina, informing her of these circumstances, to which she added such a pathetic appeal to their long friendship, that it moved her, and she thought, if her aunt and sister approved, she would not think of her own sacrifices, but would accompany her friend. She showed the letter to them

both; they were affected by it, but could not reconcile themselves to the idea of parting with Justina—"Besides," said Augusta, "there is nothing to be seen there but barren rocks."

"I confess," said Justina, "the place she is going to is not interesting to my imagination; but when I picture to myself Harriet, with her fearful and sinking spirits, watching over a sick, and it may be, a dying husband, I feel strongly inclined to accompany her."

After much reflection and discussion on the subject, they found, that though painful to part with each other, they had not the heart to refuse the urgent entreaties of Harriet, and Justina's answer to her friend was her own gladdening presence. They embarked immediately, and found both their voyage and residence abroad pleasanter than they had expected; the sea air had an immediate and benign effect on the health of Mr. Roswell, which every day's residence in this salubrious climate tended to confirm. His happy wife, whose feelings had before been desponding, now presented a countenance that seemed to impart her own happiness to all around her; nor did they in

their joy forget the Author of "every good and perfect gift."

They found the inhabitants of the islands amiable, friendly; and desirous of contributing to their accommodation in every way in their power. They would gladly have instructed them in many arts to lessen labour, and to augment the bounties of Nature by cultivating the ground as was practised in their own favoured land; but Justina found them so satisfied with their own way of managing the soil, that she feared any suggestions of improvement in agriculture, would be as unwelcome to them as those of Triptolemus Yellowly were to the Shetland Udaller. . . .

Her chief entertainment, after those derived from her own heart, were her letters from Augusta, which were frequent and long. She told her much of the occurrences in A——; she informed her that two gentlemen had come there to live, immediately after Justina had left it, with whom she had become acquainted, and who were frequent visitors at her aunt's. In the praises of one of them her pen never seemed to tire; his name was Elmore. His intelligence, his elegant manners, fine disposition, and at-

tentions to herself, were themes she painted with such eloquence, that Justin had no difficulty in discovering, from her artless language, that his perfections, whether real or imaginary, had won the heart of her youthful sister, which much increased her solicitude and impatience to return. Of the other gentleman, whose name was Arlington, Augusta spoke much more seldom; she said he was highly esteemed by every body, but, for her part, she thought he was much too grave and taciturn.

## CHAPTER VI.

~~~~~

Like a soft gloomy cloud's thine hair,  
 Tint'd with the sun's warm setting rays,  
 And lightly o'er thy forehead fair,  
 In many a spiral ringlet plays.                      OWENSON

“To-morrow then we shall see this wonderful sister of yours,” said Elmore, smiling to Augusta, “of whom you have told us so much.”

“Yes, sir, her letter says that she will be

here to-morrow; but I am sure I never told you ~~that~~ she was wonderful."

"Why, in the first place, did you not say she was the most beautiful creature in the world?"

"I have never seen all the people in the world," said Augusta; "I only said she was more beautiful than any person I had ever seen."

"Oh! true," said he, "I believe you did *only* say that; but did you not also mention that she was the most sensible, the most amiable, the most engaging, and the most of every thing lovely that was ever seen?"

"I believe I may have spoken of her in that manner—and is it not true, aunt?" said she, turning to Mrs. Ranmore; "is not Justina as I have described her?"

"You ought not to appeal to me, child," said Mrs. Ranmore, "for I am scarcely less partial than yourself; we had better leave the gentlemen to judge for themselves."

"To-morrow then," said Augusta, laughing, "you shall judge for yourselves. I will not retract a sentence of all I have ever told you of her; and when you become ac-



quainted with her, if you do not find it all to be true, you must have neither eyes, ears, nor hearts."

"Oh!" sighed Arlington, mentally, as he gazed on the face of Augusta, which the enthusiasm of affection had lighted up with new charms, "if she at all resembles you, she must indeed be lovely."

After the gentlemen were gone—"Augusta," said Mrs. Ranmore, "if it be true what Pope says, 'He hurts me most who lavishly commends,' you have injured your sister by your praise; she must indeed be wonderful, as Mr. Elmore observed, to equal your description of her."

"I am sure," said Augusta, "I would not injure my sister for the world; but I can never speak of her without feeling that I am incapable of praising her as she deserves; yet, if you think I have prepared them for disappointment, I am sorry I have been so prodigal.—No!" cried she, after some reflection, "I defy them to be disappointed in Justina."

Augusta was now in "the brilliant morning of eighteen," and a brilliant morning it was indeed to her—she was "beauty's self;" her form was tall and graceful, her

features regular and charming, her eyes hazel, shaded with long dark lashes; but their most powerful captivation did not consist in their beautiful hue, but in their varying and lovely expression. Her cheek was "the residence of spring;" nothing in the garden of Flora could rival its rich carnation; her lips could alone boast a deeper hue. Round her snowy forehead and temples, hair of glossy auburn sported in artless curls, and gave a romantic charm to her enchanting countenance.

Elmore was the handsomest and most elegant man in the world; at least so Augusta thought, as well as most of his female acquaintance. But he had qualities of an higher order—genius, cultivated by a finished education, fascinating wit, polished and engaging manners, and an unceasing vivacity, which made his society delightful. But man is seldom perfect, and Augusta erred in thinking Elmore a paragon. Court-  
ed, admired, imitated, and assailed by flattery in its every form, he could not help believing himself a superior being. He loved Augusta, but though his attachment was obvious to all, and she herself had not a doubt of it, he had never yet avowed his

passion. A man less vain and penetrating than himself, would have discovered the influence he had acquired over her heart; she appeared even to disdain to disguise it; her eyes glistened at his approach; affection animated every feature, and every accent; it blushed on her cheek, and played round her mouth in rosy smiles; she seemed to forget every other person present, and to give her attention only to him.

Elmore was sensible of his power; he feared nothing from delay, and resolved to study with scrutiny the character of this charmer of his heart, ere he devoted himself entirely to her. His sentiments were refined to fastidiousness: her ignorance of the world, and even that ingenuousness which betrayed her affection for him, which to others would have been a charm, in his eye was a fault; it was indeed her most impolitic fault; apparent indifference might have alarmed and fixed him, but Augusta was unaccustomed to conceal any feeling, and had not learned to tutor her face to speak a language foreign to her heart.

Arlington, possessed all that was great and good in the character of Elmore, without so fascinating an exterior: his person

was tall and manly, but had none of the pliant elegance of Elmore's; his countenance was noble and intelligent, but serious and thoughtful; his temper was naturally grave, and had been rendered still more so by a studious application to the acquirement of knowledge. To profound learning he added the firm virtues of the Christian. Conscious rectitude, and an absence of all fear of man, derived from an internal feeling of the support of Heaven, gave to his large dark, grey eyes, an expression as intrepid as the warrior's glance; they were penetrating as if, with the sage, they would "look all nature through," yet as full of tenderness and truth as the ingenuous eyes of infant affection. The personal graces, the sparkling wit, the seductive gaiety, the engaging and ensnaring flattery of Elmore, he half envied and half despised; he himself was such a lover of truth, that no hopes or apprehensions of favour or disadvantage, would have been able to force from his lips a word bordering on insincerity. But though thus inflexible in integrity, and rigid in morality, the natural benevolence of his disposition made him gentle and courteous to all; and the pleasing manner in which

he unfolded the stores of his enlightened mind, made him an instructive and desirable friend. Though not admired and complimented like Elmore, he was honoured and esteemed, and always received with complacent kindness by his female acquaintance.

When he first saw Augusta, dazzled by a beauty which not, "the firm philosopher can scorn," at least not a philosopher of six-and-twenty, he involuntarily sought her acquaintance. An acquaintance with her did not diminish his admiration: her mind was uncommonly improved for one so young, and he discovered that it was capable of every improvement; her heedless vivacity entertained him, the rectitude of her principles satisfied even his ideas of morality, and he went on exploring new graces in her character, and new virtues in her heart, until he found that he had completely lost his own. He was first aware of his danger, by a pang of jealousy arising from her obvious preference of Elmore: he struggled for release, but it was too late; his chains were rivetted, and he found a melancholy pleasure in thinking that they were so.— "It is indeed impossible," cried he; "I feel that I can never cease to love her; my

hopeless attachment shall never be known ; I will not attempt to supplant my happy rival, and shall not therefore injure him. I will be solicitous only for her friendship ; I will watch to serve her ; my happiness, as it respects this life, will be promoted by hers ; may she be happy, though another makes her so ! and whatever be my fate, I shall rejoice in her felicity."

Such were the reflections of Arlington. He resolved carefully to conceal what he imagined he could neither banish nor subdue ; and far from shunning the dangerous presence of Augusta, he was almost a daily visitor at Mrs. Ranmore's.

Augusta, though entirely unconscious of the deep interest he felt in all that related to her, regarded him as a friend, and was always pleased to see him.

Justina had now been six months absent from home ; her impatience to see her beloved friends was every day increasing ; and she felt, besides, no little curiosity to see that paragon of a man, whose perfections were the theme of Augusta's pen.

On the expected day she arrived at her home, accompanied by Louisa Ranmore and her brother. She was received with

transports of joy by her sister, and with the warmest affection by her aunt; her companions too were welcomed with cordiality. They passed the day in gaiety and friendship, amusing each other with their mutual narrations.

At tea, Elmore was announced with eyes glittering with happiness. Augusta introduced him to her sister and friends; she then looked with an expression of inquiry at her sister, as if to mark the effect of his appearance on her. She was satisfied that Justina did not think her encomiums on him were exaggerated; but as she knew her sister cared but little for mere personal graces, she was extremely desirous she should hear him converse. Augusta was soon gratified; he entered into conversation with them all immediately, with ease and sprightliness, and soon convinced them that his beauty was not his most dangerous charm.

Soon afterwards Arlington entered: he found them laughing; every heart seemed to bound with happiness; his responded not; he only bowed to each at his introduction, and, when seated, appeared rather as a spectator than a sharer of their enjoy-

ments. Engrossed with one another, they at last seemed almost to forget his presence, while he viewed them all with the most earnest observation. Justina, in particular, engaged his attention, as the sister of Augusta. He thought her lovely and interesting; but oh, how inferior to her transcendent sister! in dazzling beauty, she was indeed inferior; the soft red of her cheek was faint, when contrasted with the crimson glow of Augusta. Her blue eyes, though fraught with every feeling that could touch the soul, seemed but the radiance of moonlight when near the sun-bright eyes of Augusta.

In form and stature, Justina resembled her sister, but she had more of that grace which mind diffuses over the person, and which constitutes the mysterious charm of beauty. By nature as ingenuous as her sister, yet full of reflection, delicate and diffident, she indulged not in those heedless sallies with which her more youthful sister delighted her auditors. The uncommon softness of her nature spread a kind of feminine attraction over her whole figure; it was an emanation so sweet, that it seemed



to infuse its own tenderness into every heart that approached her.

When Arlington and Elmore had departed late in the evening, Louisa Ranmore broke out in the most extravagant praises of the latter.—“What wit, what genius, what sparkling black eyes! surely no heart can withstand them.”

“I hope, sister, that yours will be able to withstand them,” said George Ranmore; “for, by their direction, I think I can discover that he cannot give you a heart in return.”

Augusta blushed with secret pleasure.

“I don’t want his heart,” said Louisa; “surely, brother, one may admire a gentleman’s eyes without longing for his heart!”

“Perhaps so,” replied her brother, “but yet a gentleman would fancy such a speech as yours to be very encouraging:—but pray who was that very grave gentleman, Augusta, who entered last?”

“It was Mr. Arlington.”

“Mr. Arlington, is it?” said Louisa; “I took him for Cato the Censor; I suspect that he is a gentleman that never amuses himself much with laughing; what a starched, stupid creature he seems to be! but I

beg your pardon, Augusta, perhaps he is a lover of yours."

"A lover!" exclaimed Augusta; "oh no! he is a philosopher."

"And does that prevent him from being in love?" said Ranmore, smiling.

"Why, yes, if his philosophy is natural."

"I wish then," said George, "he would tell me where he learned his *natural philosophy*.—But you say nothing, Miss Melross—pray what do you think of Mr. Arlington?"

"I think," replied Justina, "that his face is a very intelligent one; and though he was so silent, he looks as if he could say a great deal."

• • • • •

"My sister is right," said Augusta; "Mr. Arlington is a very sensible and excellent man; and doctor Johnson himself could not talk more learnedly than he can, when he pleases."

"Oh dear!" cried Louisa, "I am glad then he chose to be silent, for such high talk would not suit my unlettered ears. I suspect, though, that he will be a great favourite with Justina, and I would advise Mr. Philosopher to take care of his heart."

"His heart," replied Justina, "cannot be

in much danger from me, after resisting the charms of Augusta."

"Ah!" thought George Ranmore, "he might have resisted the charms of the whole world, and yet find yours resistless."

After passing a week at A——, Louisa and her brother returned to New-York, for it was still early in the spring, and midsummer was the time when Louisa's annual visit was generally made.

It was with extreme delight and gratitude that Justina again took possession of her own room, and resumed, with her aunt and sister, her accustomed employments. Her days passed full of peace and serenity, in the conscientious discharge of every known duty, and in the sweet sense of approving Heaven. To the affection which she found at home, and her friendship with Catherine Marley, was now added a higher tone of society, in that of Arlington and Elmore, who were daily with them, either at home, or in delightful walks abroad, with which the romantic environs of A—— abounded.

As Elmore had been the walking companion of Augusta by long habit, Arlington of course fell to the share of Justina,

whenever the narrowness of the path separated the sisters, or its obstructions or steepness required assistance or guidance. Accustomed to converse with her father from her childhood, about all she learned or read, Arlington found in Justina a companion capable, not only of comprehending and appreciating his stores of literature, and themes still more exalted, but of contributing a large share of her own knowledge and sentiments, to enhance the value of the intellectual repast. But still, though the society of Justina afforded him much pleasure, his heart was faithful to all its fondness for Augusta; and Justina was interesting to him chiefly as her sister, and her friendship he embraced as a solace to his unfortunate attachment.

Not so Elmore; he directly felt the charms of Justina's conversation, and listened and gazed from day to day with increasing admiration, until all the glowing beauty of Augusta lost its power, when compared with the superior grace and expressive countenance of her sister. The vivacity of Augusta no more interested him.—“What a happiness,” said he to himself, “to be loved by one of such mind and sensibility! and

why may I not cherish the hope?”. His opinion of himself by no means forbade such hopes. Still he was painfully placed as it respected Augusta. He had never, it is true, declared an attachment, but he was too honourable not to feel, that though he had not explicitly avowed his love, his frequent visits, peculiar attentions, and flattering speeches, expressive of devotedness, amounted to the same thing, and were viewed by Augusta in the same light. Nor did he think, without much compunction, of the artless heart which had been won by his attentions, and which his delinquency, he feared, would wound most deeply.—“And yet,” cried he, “is it honourable to marry a woman whom I no longer love—with a heart too so deeply impressed with the excellence of another, so much more preferred? I am sure I should thank no woman for marrying me with such sentiments; besides, Augusta would soon forget it: such joyous spirits, springing from health and youth, will not easily be consumed by love or grief. A deserted Justina might die, but Augusta, with her extraordinary beauty and lively disposition, will achieve many conquests, and I have no doubt that it will not

be long before she will view some other as she now views me."

Thus believing what it wished, reasoned the inconstant heart of Elmore. He had already formed his plan of conduct, which was gradually to decline in his attentions to Augusta (indeed, with the decline of her power to interest him, his attentions were already in their wane), until she could not help perceiving his indifference. This would alarm her pride, and would, he hoped, produce a corresponding indifference on her part. He wished, in the mean time, not to excite the least suspicion in any one, of the transfer of his affection to Justina, whom he intended to observe attentively, to discover what were the sentiments she entertained for him. At present, viewing him in the light of a brother, her manners were familiar and cordial, and her conversation ingenuous and unreserved.

## CHAPTER VII.

Oh ! tell her, what she cannot blame,  
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind;  
 Oh ! tell her, that my virtuous flame  
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.      THOMSON.

THE reasonings of Elmore did but little justice to the sensibility of Augusta. She witnessed with painful astonishment the alteration in his behaviour to her, and endeavoured in vain to account for it, by some possible seriousness or levity in her own conduct. His visits were now less frequent, and when he did come, he was no longer the gallant, assiduous lover, but cold and constrained in his deportment. This change, for which Augusta wept in solitude with the bitterest tears she had ever shed, excited deep displeasure in Mrs. Ranmore and Justina; it was, however, an injury where pride and delicacy could seek no redress, and which must be endured with all the dignity of apparent unconcern and indifference. Elmore himself did not appear to be

happy, and Justina sometimes pitied him, imagining that perhaps it was some embarrassments in business which distressed him, and which deterred him from encumbering himself with household cares and expences; and that he thought it improper to continue attentions which excited expectations it might not be in his power to fulfil. In this, however, they could not long be deceived; his circumstances were well known, and known to be affluent. But whatever might be the causes of his estrangement, it was soon very evident that Augusta's power to dispel his cares by her smiles was entirely at an end; and it was ever the business of Mrs. Ranmore and Justina to sooth the sorrowing heart of Augusta, to rouse and animate her sense of propriety, and teach her to assume all the cheerfulness of indifference, in the society of the man whom they now wished her to consider as unworthy of her.

Sustained by the counsel and sympathy of her two beloved friends, Augusta succeeded so well in her efforts to appear cheerful, as to lead Elmore into the belief that he had predicted truly.—“These light hearts,”



said he, "have never much depth of feeling." This idea, her humid eyes, as well as the pale hue of her cheeks, contradicted; but he seemed to be blind to these indications of a troubled heart, and chose to believe, that her sprightly accents and overacted smiles were genuine.

One fine afternoon, Mrs. Ranmore persuaded Augusta to take a walk with her. Justina had some little matters to attend to at home, and while engaged up stairs, she was called below to Mr. Elmore, who said he had come to invite her and Augusta to take a little ramble.

"My sister," said she, "has already gone with my aunt, but I had something to do at home, and could not accompany them."

She was in hopes, that on this hint he would have taken his departure; but he sat down, and entered into conversation, and politeness obliged her to do the same. Their discourse led from one subject to another, until, at length, Elmore, emboldened by the circumstance of their being alone, and which he feared might not again occur, disclosed the secret of his bosom, besought her compassion and lenity, and acknowledged her as the mistress of his heart and his fate.

Her contempt of him was in some measure softened by his grief and humility, which did not, however, prevent her from giving him an absolute refusal, unmitigated by one expression of esteem, or assurance of friendship. Her sister was not alluded to by either of them; but she knew, from the humility of his language in addressing her, which ill suited with his general opinion of his own merit, that it was this consciousness that took from his claims to acceptance that tone of manliness they would otherwise have assumed; while he felt, in the coldness of her refusal, that the remembrance of her sister made her regard his offer as so small an honour, that she did not think it worth even the tribute of her thanks. He left the house, stung to the soul by her evident want of esteem, and enraged with himself for affording her such an opportunity of mortifying him.—“She must be mine, however,” exclaimed he to himself; “I will win her, if I have to wait an age for her consent; she must love me, if it is only to compensate for what she has now made me suffer.”

He still visited the house occasionally,

and whenever an unnoticed opportunity occurred, he would make some speech expressive of high admiration to Justina, which she always received with coldness and displeasure. Once or twice he brought her some new book, in which he conveyed to her copies of verses expressive of his love and his despair, and of his fixed determination to resign her only with death. But Justina's heart was impregnable to the attacks of his flattery in every shape, and his poetry was as unavailable as the overstrained eloquence of his love; and it was not only shielded by her disapprobation of his conduct to her sister, but by the deep impressions made on it by the nobler qualities of Arlington. In the daily contemplation of his exalted character, and of virtues so congenial to her own, she had bestowed on him her affections, unsolicited, and without any evidence of reciprocity, though she had every reason to hope for a return. Their tastes assimilated; he sought her society, and delighted to communicate to her his opinions and feelings, which, as he was no egotist, to the rest of the world he was not in the habit of imparting. Of the state of her own heart she could not be ignorant,

for all other society, compared to his, was insipid, and every other being insignificant in comparison with him.

Little indeed did the modest and unassuming Arlington suspect, or even wish for, such an influence over the heart of Justina; he had viewed, with surprise, the secession of Elmore from his allegiance to Augusta, and when he found he had indeed resigned his suit, it awakened in his own bosom hopes of obtaining her, which before he had not dared to cherish. The pensiveness her character had now acquired, made her still dearer to him than at first; he sought the society of the sisters more than ever, and endeavoured, by every kind office he could do them, to prove himself the friend of the family. He more frequently conversed, however, with Justina, who could not help viewing herself as the chief object of his visits. The new softness of his manners to Augusta, she ascribed to the tenderness her sinking spirits inspired, and she loved him the better for every evidence of affection he shewed for her.

Daily a witness of the distress of Augusta, whose happiness appeared to depend on Elmore's affection, she was in hopes, that

if Elmore was once convinced that all pursuit of herself was vain, he would return to Augusta; but with the high ideas he entertained of his own merit, it was difficult to impress him with this conviction. With this motive she looked forward with pleasure to an avowal of attachment from Arlington, which she meant frankly and unhesitatingly to accept.

One evening, Mrs. Ranmore and Augusta had gone to visit their neighbours, the Marleys. Justina staid at home, and was sitting by the fire, with her work-table at her side, when Arlington entered. They conversed awhile on various subjects, when at last Arlington, who appeared much agitated, said—"Miss Melross, I feel greatly inclined to confide to you a secret, which it is probable, however, your penetration has discovered long ago." Justina's heart fluttered. He then continued, and professed that his affections were placed on an object so lovely, that it appeared almost presumption to aspire to her; but that the natural desire to seek happiness had, at last, prompted him to make this disclosure, that he might learn from her if he had any prospect of success, in cherishing an affection,

which he had hitherto found it impossible to conquer.

These words were uttered with much emotion. No name was mentioned; and Justina, with more than equal emotion, heard an avowal which she regarded as entirely relating to herself. When he paused for a reply, she, hesitatingly, expressed her surprise, that worth like his should think it presumptuous to aspire to any one.

“Take care, Miss Melross,” said he, his face kindling with delight, “how you encourage hopes which may not be realized; from the kindness and friendship with which she treats me, I have no reason to doubt her esteem; but I want to learn from you, who have such access to her heart, whether love, ardent and faithful as mine, may not in time hope from her an expression of sentiment more tender than esteem; if you think I may not, I expect from your candour you will tell me so.”

Blushes dyed the cheeks of Justina—her tongue faltered. Arlington gazed at her, wondering at her emotion.—“You fear to give me pain, Miss Melross; my hopes are presumptuous—she cannot love me—and your kind heart is reluctant to tell me: is

it not so?" said he, with a mournful voice.

Justina could scarcely speak from extreme agitation, yet desirous of removing every anxious fear, from one whose character was as humble as it was exalted, said—"The person, sir, whom you have honoured with your affection has not only the strongest conviction of your worth, but is as sensible of its influence on her heart as you need wish."

"You delight—you amaze me! But from what have you discovered this? Pardon me, that I admit a doubt of the possibility of such happiness—from what do you draw your conclusion? is it only from observation, or has she herself made her artless heart known to you?"

"Who, sir?" cried Justina, almost starting.

"Your sister—surely you know it is of Augusta I am speaking."

"My sister!" faintly sighed out Justina.

Arlington looked at her, and saw at a glance the mistake they had both been under. The glow of her cheek was succeeded by an ashy paleness; her tremulous lip appeared to essay in vain to speak; her eyes were cast down, as if they knew not where

to find refuge. The colour again mounted, and spread over her cheeks and forehead—he saw a confusion which he felt his absence only could relieve.—“Miss Melross,” said he, approaching her as he took his leave, “before I had the pleasure of seeing you, my heart was irrecoverably your sister’s.”

Justina, in the solitude of her own room, wept over all her earthly prospects blighted; but even this feeling was lost in the overpowering shame which the remembrance of the past scene produced.—“I might have conquered, or at least for ever concealed my attachment, and rejoiced in the happiness of my sister. I could bear misery—I could suffer in solitude and silence; but to have my weakness and disappointment thus known, pitied, and perhaps despised, by the man of all others whose esteem I am most ambitious of possessing—oh, it is insupportable! But why do I thus grieve? my mistake, though it covers me with shame, is not sinful; I never suspected the attachment of Mr. Arlington to Augusta; I therefore had no design of being the rival of my sister. I have been, without intention, the enemy of her peace in another quarter—



here I will repair it: she shall forget the unworthy Mr. Elmore—I will endeavour to impress powerfully on her mind the superior excellence of Mr. Arlington, whom she will accept. Oh, happy sister! and he shall esteem me, and perhaps he will forget the interview of this evening, for he shall never observe any thing farther to confirm it.”

With these reflections and resolves, Justina endeavoured to calm and fortify her mind. Religion, too, came to her support; it was a trial which she must bear with resignation—act like a Christian in the struggle of conflicting feelings, and all would yet be well.

But Arlington did not, as Justina hoped, forget the interview of that evening; she had openly avowed her attachment to him, nor could he doubt it; for the deep emotion with which it was uttered proved its truth. He had witnessed too the exquisite disappointment and shame which attended the removal of the mistake, and he remembered it with sorrow and distrust. He did not, with his usual candour, do justice to the generous disinterestedness of Justina's character. He feared that she might, perhaps, still cherish hopes of gaining his heart, and

prevent his success with Augusta, over whom he knew her influence was almost unbounded. Upon this suspicion, unworthy of his noble heart, he acted, by treating Justina with unusual reserve and coolness; she felt it keenly, but it did not alter her determination of serving him in his pursuit of Augusta. His fine and amiable qualities were now constantly her theme when conversing with her sister, until she at length entirely persuaded her and her aunt, that there was not such another man upon earth.

It was not long before Arlington himself avowed his attachment for Augusta. Her feelings were all averse to his proposal, but Justina could give no credit to the thought that she would not soon entirely love him, and considered her destiny as the happiest ever allotted to woman. Her aunt, who had long viewed him as one of the best and most distinguished of men, strongly urged his acceptance. Thus reasoned with by Justina, advised by her aunt, and piqued by the desertion of Elmore, Augusta passively allowed herself to be considered by Arlington as his future wife. Justina thought she had been doing perfectly right all this while, for it was her real opinion, that no woman

could help loving Arlington; and that his chosen wife must be the happiest woman in the world. She therefore now began to wonder why her sister was always so mournful. She often found her in tears, and at length entreated her to tell her the cause.—“What makes you so sad, dear Augusta? You, whose prospects are so bright with happiness, ought surely to rejoice.”

“I know I have every thing that ought to make me happy,” she answered; “yet, notwithstanding all this, the world has so few charms for me, that if I was only prepared for death, I think I should be willing to meet it.”

“Oh, my sister!” cried Justina, “that is a very wrong feeling to indulge; we should never, even in extreme wretchedness, wish to desert the post assigned us by our Creator. But how can it be, that my young, healthful, and blooming sister, who is the earthly treasure of so many hearts, should wish to leave this world?”

“I know,” replied Augusta, “that Mr. Arlington is an excellent man—I esteem him as such; I know also that Mr. Elmore has behaved unworthily, and yet I cannot help endeavouring to excuse him in some

way or other, and of thinking of him continually: this makes me so sad. Yet, dear Justina, I believe I should live in peace, and indeed be comparatively happy, if you and my aunt did not suppose it necessary for me to marry another. Why should I be married? You know I am very young yet—I sometimes think of telling Mr. Arlington the true state of my feelings, and begging him to release me.”

Justina, who was much moved at the first part of her speech, was alarmed at the conclusion, and entreated her to keep her faith to Arlington.—“You will yet, I am sure, my dear sister, love him, notwithstanding your present feelings; and do not, I beseech you, wound a heart that has loved you so long and so fondly, by asking him to release you from your engagement; wait at least a little longer, and try what time will do in his favour. Surely he is far more interesting than Mr. Elmore; indeed, I have often wondered that such a light, frivolous character could impress you so deeply, for it seems to me that it is only the grave and serious that have power to make a lasting impression on the heart.”

∴ “Why, you know, Justina,” said Au-

gusta, pettishly, "that people differ in their tastes; Mr. Arlington therefore suits you so well, that I do wish most sincerely you would take him yourself."

The attachment of Arlington to Augusta was now pretty well known through A——; the chief wonder was, that Justina had not been his choice; they were looked upon as exactly made for each other. Elmore was at this time absent on a visit to his parents, who lived in another state, and had therefore not yet heard of any of the late events in A——.

Catherine Marley was desirous of taking a ride to the Northern Springs with her father, who was going near Saratoga on some business, and she came to urge Justina to go with them, as they intended to be absent only a day or two. Justina, whose mind was making incessant efforts to be cheerful, who had not only her own sinking spirits to support, but those of Augusta, gladly accepted the invitation, in hopes that the delightful scenes of Nature she would pass through, would have a refreshing effect on both her health and spirits. This she had often found to be the case, in the reviving feelings which only a country walk produ-

ced; the society of her friend too was always inspiring; their views of happiness were the same—the flowing rivers and verdant landscape excited in each similar feelings of religious adoration.

## CHAPTER VIII.

~~~~~

The partner of my cradle and my bed,  
My own, my only sister !

MILMAN.

IN the afternoon of the day of Justina's departure, Augusta, wishing to have a book she had seen her sister reading the day before, went into her room in search of it; not finding it upon her table, she opened the closet where her sister kept her books, and found on the shelves a volume which she recollected Elmore had brought Justina to read, and which she had had no opportunity to return. Filled with bitter remembrances, she took the book and opened it. The thought that he had read them, gave some of the passages interest, and she sat down to look the book over; in turning the

leaves she found a written paper, which she opened—it was the hand of Elmore, that well known and ever dear hand; the paper contained a copy of verses, expressive of ardent and unremitting love—whose constancy no coldness could discourage, nor time nor absence diminish. An icebolt went to the heart of Augusta as she read it—here then the enigma was solved—here was the cause of Elmore's estrangement from herself, and of Justina's extraordinary interest in the success of Arlington, that when her sister should be married, she, Justina, might accept the love of Elmore without reproach; for this she had disregarded the pleadings of Augusta, and, in spite of her misery, had, by her influence, kept her bound to Arlington.—“Is it you, my sister, my best beloved, my instructress, whom I believed as perfect as humanity is susceptible of—is it you who have done this! and was it your sister, who thus confided in you, that was to be your victim! Oh! the desertion of Elmore is nothing in comparison to such perfidy!”

Sobs of grief, accompanied with tears that would not cease, burst from the almost-broken heart of Augusta. Her aunt hap-

pened at this time to enter the room, and asking her the cause of her distress, she could only throw her arms around her neck, and weep; but on urging her for an explanation, she shewed the verses that had so affected her.

Her aunt more than shared in all her feelings. Her indignation knew no bounds; Justina was instantly transformed, in her mind, to a being the most cruel, base, and treacherous—to seek thus her own happiness at the expence of her darling, and to pierce the artless heart which confided in her counsel and affection, was a crime not to be forgiven nor extenuated.

While the aunt and niece were weeping together, they were told that Mr. Arlington was below.—“ Oh! dear aunt, I cannot see him—oh that you would obtain from him my release! I do injustice to his worth, to be engaged to him with my present feelings; I should have thrown myself before on his generosity, if Justina would have permitted me. Let me live a single life, and let me live and die with you: it would comfort me much when you return, if you could tell me that I was free.”

“ I would do any thing to comfort you,



my dear," said her aunt; "and indeed I believe in this case you are entirely right."

Mrs. Ranmore, as mildly as she was able, informed Arlington of the state of Augusta's mind, and that, in her opinion, much as she deplored the necessity of it, it would be best to dissolve an engagement which occasioned such unhappiness to Augusta; she left him some hope, however, that these variable feelings might pass away, and that, at some future period, his attentions might be acceptable.

Arlington, though deeply wounded, hesitated not a moment to relinquish every claim.—"The happiness of Augusta," he declared, "was dear to him; he would not, therefore, hold her bound by any promise that was productive of the slightest uneasiness, and that for the future he should consider himself as nothing more than the friend of both sisters."

The mention of Justina's name again roused all Mrs. Ranmore's anger, and she could scarcely refrain from telling Arlington the whole story of her supposed treachery: but she checked herself, and only said—"You are indeed much indebted, sir, to Miss Melross; and you may thank her

for much of your present disappointment."

"How, madam?" demanded Arlington, with great earnestness.

"I cannot tell you at present," said the incautious aunt; "only I will say, I have been very much deceived in the integrity and ingenuousness of Justina's character."

Arlington, who had long suspected that, in some way or other, the influence of Justina over her sister would prevent their union, gave in to this remark, and said—"I had hoped a very different line of conduct from Miss Melross."

"Oh!" replied the aunt, "I suppose Miss Melross thought her own happiness was quite as important as her sister's."

This speech completed the mistake of Arlington, and excited in his breast the strongest displeasure against Justina, which he expressed in terms of which the remembrance gave him pain long after.

When Mrs. Rannmore returned to her niece, she brought to her the joyful intelligence of her restoration to freedom; and Augusta, in being relieved from the shackles which had so long weighed on her spirits, felt something of her former cheerfulness revive.

Early the next afternoon Justina returned home; but instead of the cordial welcome she was accustomed to receive, she met with cold and altered looks from her aunt and sister. She endeavoured to obtain some explanation, but they seemed desirous to avoid conversation with her. Augusta wept when her sister entreated her to assign some reason for her behaviour, and her aunt only answered by some expression of contempt. She at length learned, from some of their observations, that the engagement of Arlington with her sister was dissolved, and that he had withdrawn his pretensions to her hand. She inquired earnestly how this had happened, but was only answered with—"He too despises you, for he expressed himself to that effect."

Justina felt as if she could suffer no more; she retired to her own room, to conceal, as well as to indulge, her sorrow: to be despised by Arlington, was indeed a sorrow of a nature to throw a shade alike over all her worldly joys and woes;

"To which life nothing darker nor brighter could bring;  
For which joy had no balm, and affliction no sting."

"And what have I done to be despised by him?" she cried; "the weakness I once be-

trayed, by an unfortunate mistake, has never been repeated; I have endeavoured all in my power, and perhaps beyond what was justifiable, to inspire Augusta with my own ideas of his merit—why should he blame me that he does not succeed? can it be possible that he supposes I have confessed to my sister my weakness, and that out of pity to me she has rejected him? he surely cannot think quite so meanly of me; yet he has told my aunt that I am the object of his contempt. Ah! whatever he may think of me, how could the generous Arlington tell her so!”

Justina's reflections on her own conduct and theirs were very unsatisfactory; but they ended in a resolution to quit, for the present, the house of her aunt.—“ I cannot live thus, deprived of their affection and esteem, and my absence will probably set all things to rights.” She next revolved in her mind where she should go, and what she should do, as she would be obliged, for the future, to depend on herself. She finally determined to go to New-York, to Mr. Ranmore's, and to seek a situation as a tutoress in some family. For this employment she was eminently qualified, both as it respected

acquirements and disposition. She had always a peculiar fondness for instructing children, and took delight in their society, and now felt grateful to Heaven, in thinking she was thus qualified. She made an effort to dismiss her mournful feelings, and to trust in God that all would yet be well. She recollected, that in the youthful enthusiasm of her feelings, she had wished for trials, and she recollected too, what her father had said of that support which she could never seek in vain.—“Oh, my father!” she exclaimed, “I am now alone and friendless in the world; but thy counsel still shall guide me, and I will repair for consolation to that source where thou hast taught me it is ever to be found.”

She met her aunt and sister at tea, and told them of the plan she had formed for leaving them awhile. Her aunt appeared to reflect on it, but did not express any disapprobation; her sister only wept. Justina retired, after tea, to her own room again, to meditate and weep, and to contemplate her now determined plan, which she meant immediately to pursue. The thought of leaving her aunt and sister was inexpressibly painful.—“But why should I grieve,”

said she; "they are willing to part with me, and I am certainly, though without design, the cause of trouble to them. I will therefore go; it is a sacrifice I am called to make, nor will I shrink from it." The comforts of her own room were also endeared to her by a thousand associations; her bureau, where her clothes were neatly placed; the table on which she wrote or drew; her closet of books; the couch on which she had slumbered and dreamt of happiness; the pictures which hung round the walls, painted by herself and sister, in hours when the sweetest affection united them. She approached mournfully the window which overlooked a garden of considerable extent. Although the night was warm, the branches of the trees were wavering with a gentle wind in a resplendent moonlight.

Justina, oppressed, restless, and melancholy, felt inclined to take a walk in the open air, to inhale the freshness of the breeze, and fancied that she might be able to enjoy something like peace, in the contemplation of the serene heavens, and in wandering through the moonlighted scenery of the garden. She went softly down,

opened the door with as little noise as possible, and walked to the foot of the garden, where there was a path which crossed it, through an avenue of fruit trees. This path she traversed for some time, occupied with various thoughts, when she was startled by hearing her name pronounced by some one near the fence; but in the moment of her agitation the voice said—"Be not alarmed, Miss Melross, it is a friend;" and, at the same instant, a gentleman, whom she immediately recognised to be Elmore, sprung over into the garden.

Justina's heart swelled with resentment, for she considered him as the true cause of the unhappy differences that now existed, and instantly resolved, that if he again made any mention of his love, she would offend him in such a manner that he would never venture to renew the subject.—"What do you mean, sir, by this intrusion?" said Justina.

"Pardon me, Miss Melross; I was enjoying a ramble by moonlight; the attraction, of course, drew me this way: on looking over into the garden, with the true romantic spirit of a lover, to regale my eyes with a sight of the paths where your feet trod, and the flowers that bloomed beneath

“Your eye, what were my transports to behold you here yourself, in a solitude offering an opportunity for an interview too inviting to withstand! and here I am.”

“You have entered, sir, like a robber,” said Justina, “and you may depart the same way as soon as you please, for I go instantly into the house.”

“Do not leave me, I beseech you, Miss Melross; let me only speak a word to you.”

“Speak, then, sir, with as much dispatch as possible.”

“I have only,” said he, “returned to A—— this very day, and I have heard news the most important.”

“What, sir?”

“That Mr. Arlington is to be married to Miss Augusta.”

“Well, sir, what then?”

“Why then, since I must speak all, I have to say in a breath, with all due humility, is there not one objection removed to my success with yourself?”

“Not one, sir,” replied the offended Justina; “such an event would rather increase my objections.”

“How, pray, madam?”



"By raising my pretensions, sir; for, if one sister marries a man so honourable, and of such distinguished worth, the other, of course, could never be satisfied with one so vastly his inferior."

"But you don't consider, madam," cried Elmore, who was enraged at her speech, "that your sister is a thousand times more beautiful than you are, as well as more amiable; you are no more to compare to her than yon pale moon is to the sun in its meridian."

"The moon, I think, is sufficiently bright," said Justina, smiling: "however, I am not the least ambitious of being thought either beautiful or amiable, by one whose admiration is as fitful and mutable as the pale orb you allude to; and so I give you back your simile."

"Good night," Miss Melross! said Elmore. "Should I ever, madam, renew the subject of this night, I hope you will treat me with all the scorn and contempt I shall deserve; that is, with as much as you have done at present." Saying this, he indignantly sprang over the fence, and Justina slowly and mournfully pursued her way into the house.

CHAPTER IX.  
~~~~~

I said to Friendship's menac'd blow,  
Strike deep ! my heart shall bear ;  
Thou canst but add one bitter wo  
To those already there.

*Anon.*

DURING Justina's absence from her room, her aunt and sister had been conversing together respecting her, after they had withdrawn to their own chamber. The vivid recollection of her virtues—her disinterestedness and affection for them; inclined them to think that they suspected her wrongfully. She was going to leave them too the next day, and they felt as if they could not sleep without parting as friends with her for the night.

With the intention of treating her kindly, they both entered her room, where they found the candle burning, and herself absent. They both went to the window, and saw by the light of the moon, through the intervals of the trees, that she was walking

with a gentleman in earnest conversation; her form by moonlight, as by daylight, could not be mistaken; and the person of the other, at whatever distance, was by Augusta impossible not to be recognised. All their indignation revived with added strength. Justina immediately afterward came in—they heard her close the hall-door with the gentlest noise imaginable, and directly appeared before them trembling like a culprit, for the countenance of her aunt terrified her. She saluted her with the most cutting sarcasms—accused her of base arts and treachery, in winning the affections of Elmore from her sister—and then using all her influence to oblige Augusta to marry Arlington, entirely to answer her own selfish ends, regardless of the happiness of her sister.

Justina waited until the storm was somewhat spent, and then, with the tone of conscious innocence, replied—"It is at least some satisfaction to know of what I am accused; I did persuade my sister, perhaps, more than was right, to favour Mr. Arlington; for, notwithstanding he has told you that he despises me, I think highly of him. Mr. Elmore I thought did not deserve her, and I told her so. My judgment may have

erred as to what would constitute her happiness, still her happiness was the motive that guided me. I have not had one selfish view throughout, except as my happiness is connected with my sister's."

"And this moonlight interview with your Romeo was also occasioned by your wish to promote the happiness of your sister, was it?"

"My meeting with Mr. Elmore was accidental, and terminated very speedily."

"I suppose it appeared short to you; but I believe nothing you say—you well know how to gloss over every thing that appears wrong; you are celebrated for your persuasive manners; and my artless American child, with all her superior natural attractions, is not sufficiently educated to cope with a polished London-bred lady."

Justina was overpowered by the bitterness of her aunt's reproaches; she replied, with an agitated voice—"It matters but little where I was educated, since the sole instructor I ever had was not capable of teaching me treachery.—Do you too, dear Augusta, think of me as my aunt does?"

"I don't know what to think—I only know that I am very miserable."

They parted for the night mutually unhappy. Amidst all her grief, it was some little comfort to Justina that the true secret of her heart was not known.—“Arlington, though he contemns me, will never boast of that. I am now,” said she to herself, “more than ever convinced that my absence from A—— is desirable on their own accounts, as well as my own; the steam-boat departs to-morrow morning for New-York, and I will go with it—longer stay is only lengthened wretchedness. Arlington has expressed contempt for me: and why? he cannot imagine, as they do, that it is the love of Elmore I am desirous of. Well! I will leave them to rectify their own mistakes in my absence—my aunt believes me not, but she may one day know that I never deceived her. If my own heart accuse me not, why am I thus miserable?”

She placed her Bible on her table, and read for consolation; peace visited her; she felt in her prayer that she was not without a friend, and laid herself down to sleep under the shadow of his wings.

She rose the next morning before the day had dawned—she endeavoured to drive away the sorrowful feelings which nearly

overwhelmed her heart, by recommending herself to the care of Heaven. Her wardrobe, which she always kept in complete order, was soon arranged in her trunk, in which she also threw a few of her favourite books: by the time she had finished her employment, she heard her aunt and sister below, and made an effort to compose her mind, to meet them at morning prayers, which was their daily practice.

Their meeting was serious and mournful; all displeasure was banished from the face of her aunt, who accosted her with kindness. Justina mentioned her intended departure; tears filled all their eyes, but nothing was said to prevent her, except her aunt said—"I don't see why you should go so soon as to-day—next week would do as well."

"No, dear aunt, since it is resolved that it is best for me to go, I wish to depart immediately; I could not endure the pains of parting, which I now feel, for a whole week—it is much worse than absence."

"You will write to us I hope," said her aunt.

"Certainly, as soon as I arrive in New-York."

From the breakfast-table she went into

Mrs. Marley's, to request Catherine and her young brother to accompany her on board. Her friends expressed some surprise at her sudden departure, but supposed it was merely for a short visit, which she sometimes made to New-York, and readily consented to escort her to the boat.

When she returned home, her aunt came to her, and gave her a handful of bank-notes. The acceptance of them was painful to her, but she feared that a refusal would be deemed disrespectful to her aunt, whose feelings she did not wish to wound. While her aunt had evinced for her a mother's love, she, on her part, had always manifested in return feelings of filial affection; and in instances of similar bounty, had felt all the obligations of a grateful child, which it was sweet to acknowledge; but now, while she was ungrateful and unworthy, the debt she owed her felt heavy; and she would rather have declined any farther increase of obligation; she thanked her, therefore, as she accepted the money, with tearful eyes.

Catherine Marley and her brother now came in, and Justina soon after rose to embrace her aunt and sister; she could hardly support herself during the farewell, which

was serious and kind on their part, though Justina was fully sensible that every sentiment of esteem was banished from their minds.

Just as she was going into the boat, she met Arlington returning from it. He seemed surprised at the sight of her going on board, but merely bowed, made no inquiry, and expressed no regret. She drew her green veil more closely round her face, to shun his observation; he saw the action, and had a momentary view of her tearful, mournful countenance; she then disappeared under the awning, and he saw her no more. He stood on the shore until the boat had left it, not without some feelings of compunction, at suffering her thus to depart without a word of farewell. As a lady, she was entitled to more consideration, and certainly as a long-endearred and intimate friend, he had behaved with unkindness; he thought of her loveliness, of her melancholy countenance, of her affection for himself, of the sensibility he had wounded; but then came the remembrance of her selfishness and treachery.—“ Oh! what a pity,” cried he, “ that a being so gentle and refined, should want



generosity and principle!" Yet this, on the other hand, contradicted as it was by all he had before observed of her, he could hardly quite believe.

Thus, in some way or other, either with approbation or censure, was her image constantly occurring to his mind. But disappointed as his affection had been in Augusta, and deceived in Justina as to some qualities he thought most estimable in the female character, he now resolved to relinquish entirely all his dreams of future bliss, which he had indulged in an ideal union of congenial hearts, and to "finish his journey alone."

Justina being committed by her friend to the care of the respectable master of the vessel, went immediately into the cabin. Scarcely able to support the anguish of her heart, she laid down in the berth allotted to her, and closed the curtain which excluded her from the view of the other passengers. From the little window in the berth, she saw the receding shores of A——, and Arlington standing on the bank.—"I shall see him perhaps no more! Aunt, sister, all that are dear have renounced me." She wept and felt much, as did the unfor-

fortunate Mary of Scotland, while looking, for the last time, at the receding shores of France.

She endeavoured, as she always did in sorrow, to draw comfort from that fountain which can never be exhausted; and her raised heart breathed forth, "the world may forsake me, but thou art my own." She prayed for resignation, and endeavoured to cherish every feeling that could animate her fortitude, for she was going among those who would make many inquiries; and from all expressions of pity, and even sympathy, her delicacy could not but revolt.

On her arrival at New-York, she was welcomed with much friendship by the Ranmores, who were astonished at the plan she had formed, and endeavoured to prevail on her to dwell with them. But on finding her persist in her resolution, which they thought probably proceeded from a desire of independence, they promised to aid her in her design of procuring such a situation as she wished. Why she had left her home, excited their wonder; but she evaded their inquiries in such a way, that they felt sensible it would be neither polite nor proper to persist in their questions.

They had heard that Augusta was to be married to Arlington, and though Justina was silent on the subject, they imagined that it was true, and that perhaps their aunt was to take up her abode with her—a residence which Justina might not choose for herself, and which had induced her to determine on the plan she was now pursuing.

Mrs. Hastings, a cousin of Mrs. Ranmore, was at present on a visit to her from Philadelphia; she had been attentively listening to the plan of Justina, which had been discussed before her; she said—"Miss Melross, I wish in my heart you could go on to Philadelphia, and live with me; you would be a great solace and aid to me." She then acquainted her, that she and her husband lived with Mr. Cavendish, an infirm old gentleman, of singular and solitary habits, of whom she had the care; that it was her business to see that his comfort was attended to in all respects, and daily to read for him, until she was hoarse and fatigued; that she would be a great assistant to her in her household cares, and in reading for him too, if he would permit her; she would also, she added, be a companion for herself, for she was obliged to be almost constantly

at home; that from such close confinement her health had suffered so much, she had made this excursion for its benefit, and that it had produced the desired effect. She told Justina, that she herself would not be so confined, that a great portion of her time would be at her own disposal, that she could walk abroad every day, if she pleased, and that Mr. Cavendish had an extensive library, to which she could have constant recourse; she added, that Philadelphia was a beautiful city, and that though it was warm in summer, their house was spacious, the street they lived in very wide, and daily washed and cooled with water from the aqueduct; and that in winter the climate was mild and delightful.

Mrs. Hastings presented so many inducements, that Justina began to feel a strong inclination to accompany her. She had never been in Philadelphia, and from all she had heard of that city, she imagined she should like to reside there; indeed, in her present state of feelings, she would prefer going to a place new to her, and where she was unknown. Mrs. Hastings, when she suspected her of having any misgivings on the subject, added—"If you do not like the idea

of staying with me, I have not the least doubt but that I can procure you such a situation as you are in quest of; indeed I heard, just before I left Philadelphia, that Mrs. Grafton was inquiring for a governess for her daughters."

Justina, after reflecting on the project for some hours in her own room, with a heart that sought heavenly direction, accepted the offer of Mrs. Hastings to take her to Philadelphia. She then wrote an affectionate letter to her aunt and sister, informing them of her intended journey, and residence with that lady.

## CHAPTER X.

Say that you love me not ; but say not so  
In bitterness : the common executioner,  
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon.

SHAKESPEARE.

" WHY do you go to live with an old whim-

arrangement was made; "one would suppose that a young man who loves you, would be a much more agreeable companion." He advanced as he spoke to her, and continued—"My feelings to you are the same as they were when I last saw you, only that they are more tender and more confirmed; for I have looked in vain through all my female acquaintance, to find something approaching your excellence."

Justina smiled, and said—"I imagine you have not looked very earnestly, or you would have been more successful in your discoveries."

"I believe, Miss Melross," returned he, "were I to search every region of the globe, I should find no woman like you."

"Not exactly, perhaps," replied she.

"One thing, however, is certain," said George, "that I shall never find another I can love as I love you."

Justina looked grave and disturbed.

"Let me not offend you, Miss Melross; but permit me to finish what I have begun to say. I have been engaged in mercantile concerns for more than a year, and have prospered in business beyond my expectations; therefore, I am well able to support

a matrimonial establishment, and if you will accept my heart and hand, it shall be the endeavour of my life to make you happy; what say you? may I dare to hope?"

Justina was a little at a loss how to frame a reply; she did not hesitate about her own decision, but merely as to the manner of expressing it, so as to give the least possible pain.

"You need not give an answer immediately, Miss Melross; reflect on my proposal, and may your reflections be propitious to my vows!"

He was going to leave the room, when she said—"Stay a moment, Mr. Rammore; my hesitation to answer does not proceed from indecision, but from a desire to give such a one as may be expressive of my personal esteem, and of my deep sense of the high honour you do me; and yet at the same time to inform you of my entire inability to reciprocate the affection of which you have just made so unequivocal a declaration. I shall always rejoice in your prosperity, and shall be happy to hear that you have chosen some amiable woman to share it with you."

"You will never hear *that*, Miss Melross;

I shall die a bachelor, unless you should at some future day change your mind, and be so generous as to reward my faithful attachment."

"You must not expect *that*, sir; time will not change my purpose, but it will, I hope, lead to a transfer of your affections to some object more worthy of you."

She then advanced to the door; he made an effort to detain her, to urge his attachment and devotedness, to persuade her to delay her final decision; to see if time, and the trial of all his efforts to gain her affections, might not produce some revolution of her feelings in his favour. She assured him, again and again, that it would not, that it could not, with such increasing strength of expression, that he at length, in much displeasure, yet far more in sorrow than in anger, permitted her to pass to her own room, where she mournfully indulged her reflections—"Here then," said she, "is another instance of the caprice of affection; here is a young man whose qualities would satisfy half the girls in New-York—excellent morals and understanding, prepossessing appearance and manners, frank, honourable, upright; how very few there are but



would prefer his open and ingenuous character to the solemn Arlington, as Augusta calls him! Yet so wayward is my heart, that it can only feel indifference for the one that loves me, and is for ever doating on the image of the one that slights and scorns me."

This last idea made her bosom swell with indignant pride, and disposed her mind to entertain sentiments favourable to Ranmore. —“ Were I to marry Ranmore, with the grateful esteem I feel for him, I should, no doubt, in time, become fondly attached to so worthy a husband; this has happened often with others, and why may it not be so with me? I should have a generous and indulgent protector for life—I should no longer be a burden to my aunt—I should no longer disturb the peace of my sister, and Arlington would have nothing more to apprehend from my treachery.”

The recurrence of this thought produced a different effect than at first, for it plunged her into a state of acute sorrow. That Arlington could suppose her capable of base conduct, brought the bitterest pangs to her heart. She could not have credited any thing so ignoble of him; but yet, with the

feelings his lofty and interesting qualities inspired, it would be wrong to encourage the hopes of any other man. Besides, there was no necessity for it, she was not compelled to marry, in order to enjoy independence, she could support herself—in absence she could not injure the peace of her sister—in absence the fickle Elmore might forget her, and might bestow again on Augusta his shifting affections—in absence Arlington might forget that there existed such a being, and, of course, would cease to despise her. Here her heart throbbed again indignantly; but it silently subsided into peace, at the thought that the Searcher of hearts knew its innocence in this respect; and, with the sweet sense of his favour, she could forgive all, and pray for all.

At tea-time she observed that Ranmore was absent, nor did she see him the whole evening. This was a great relief to her, though she felt regret at the thought of having offended him. The next morning was the Sabbath. The sun shone brightly in Justina's windows, as she hailed with joy the day she loved. Her heart rose to her God; she prayed that she might for this day lose the remembrance of her earthly

cares and sorrows, and find sweet communion with him. She accompanied the family to church, where the holy eloquence of the preacher lifted her above the world; she felt that it was her best interest, as well as duty, to place her happiness entirely in the favour of God, and not in that of man. In the one case it could never be sought in vain, never be unreturned; we should serve and love one who delighted to bless us; the more our souls were filled with his love, the happier we should be, and the stronger our foretaste of heaven. Here the enthusiasm which belongs to the heart, and which must have some object, is rightly directed, and need fear no excess in adoring perfection. In the other case, the absorbing principle is misery; we frequently waste our feelings, and pour our tears, on the cold and sterile soil of an occupied or ungrateful heart.—“We should love our fellow-creatures,” said Justina; “our Saviour commands us to love them, and to do them all the good in our power, should they even prove unthankful; but it is our duty to check those idolatrous affections that lead us to place our happiness in a mortal’s smile or frown. Can any thing mortal justify the feelings I

have cherished for Arlington? his look, his presence was my bliss, and in his absence I was only occupied with the memory of the last interview, and the anticipated pleasures of the next. My heart needed the chastisement of his contempt to check its idolatry :—and, oh, thou gentle and benign Chastener, I bless thee!" cried she, raising her heart to Heaven; "do thou lead me—do thou guide me!"

When she returned from church, and reached the sanctuary of her own room, she again poured out her heart to God; it became animated and cheered; her sorrows seemed as nothing—the fleeting years of life seemed as nothing. It was but a short, though perhaps thorny journey, through which her Saviour's hand would sustain and lead her; and faith taught her to look forward to a home where never-ending joys awaited her. On retiring to bed, her heart was full of love to all the world; she prayed for blessings on her dear sister and aunt, and most fervently did she pray for the happiness of the man who despised her.

The next morning she rose when day was just dawning, for they were to set off at five o'clock in the ferry-boat from the

Battery. George Ranmore attended them to the wharf; he walked by the side of Justina, talked but little, and that on indifferent subjects; he appeared to attend to her with a sort of sullen respect. It was painful to Justina to see his manly brow clouded with an expression so foreign to it, and she longed to dispel the gloom. She took an opportunity, when Mrs. Hastings was at a little distance, to say to him—"We often, Mr. Ranmore, wish very ardently for objects, which, after a little while, we feel rejoiced that we did not obtain."

"That is a very comfortable doctrine for a heart at ease," said he.

"I hope," returned she, "that you will one day find it to be true."

"When, madam?"

"When you find a charming girl who will love you as much as you will love her."

"You insult me, Miss Melross," said he, passing his hand over his eyes, from which the tears were dropping, "by so repeatedly talking of another lady."

"Forgive me, sir, I meant not to offend you, and am sorry to grieve you; but I do not like to part with the consciousness of labouring under the displeasure of a gentle-

man for whom I entertain sentiments of the most sincere friendship."

"I believe I am ungenerous to feel as I do," replied Ranmore, "and I hope it will pass away; but you must excuse me; I am at present experiencing the bitter mortification of a rejected lover. I might, too, have spared myself this second trial of it, if I had not been a fool; but I wish to part friends with you too," said he, with a melancholy smile.

Mrs. Hastings here joined them; Ranmore requested her to take his arm, and, making the same request to Justina, she immediately complied; he conducted them on board, shook hands with them both, and wishing them a pleasant voyage, stepped on shore, as the boat glided from the Battery pier.

Justina remarked to herself—"When I embarked at A——, I left a different object on shore: not one that loved me to tears, but one that, knowing my love, despised me." She endeavoured to suppress this for ever-recurring bitter thought, to enjoy the scene around her, and try to assume cheerfulness in her conversation with Mrs. Hastings, whose companion she was now to be,

and whom it was her duty, as well as interest, to serve and please.

Their passage in the *steam-boat continued* until they arrived at Amboy, where they landed, and proceeded in the stage-coach through Jersey, until they reached Bordentown. The country was all new to Justina, and being robed in the gay verdure and joyful promise of June, looked very beautifully. On their approach to Bordentown, they passed the country seat of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain; the vicissitudes of life—the evanescence of human greatness—the transitoriness of earthly crowns, were the subjects of Mrs. Hastings and Justina's conversation, and the mournful conclusion of the life of Joseph's once proud and formidable brother, suggested much reflection—

“Who left a name at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

At Bordentown our travellers entered another steam-boat, and proceeded down the river Delaware, whose richly fertile shores were enlivened and adorned by growing villages and beautiful country seats. Mrs. Hastings entertained Justina with the names

of the owners of the different mansions, and sometimes their histories: But beautiful and gay as the scenery all around her was, Justina had too much taste for the sublime in nature, not to prefer the loftier shores and bolder features of her own unrivalled Hudson.

Late in the afternoon they landed at one of the wharfs of the populous and beautiful city of Philadelphia. It appeared almost like necromancy to Justina, to find that in so short a space of time as ~~now~~ hours, she had been transported from one great city to another.—“And this is Philadelphia,” cried she, “the city of the illustrious Penn, the friend of God, and the friend of man! He who asserted his faith in Christ as God, and proved from the Scriptures the eternity and divinity of his Saviour; who said expressly—‘He believed in Christ, both as he was the Man Jesus, and God blessed for ever.’ And this is the city he loved so much, and prayed for so fervently—‘My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blessed of the Lord, and thy people saved by his power. My love to thee has been great,



and the remembrance of thee affects my heart and mine eye\*.”

“ You think so much of Penn,” said Mrs. Hastings, “ that I must certainly take you to see his statue, which stands in the courtyard of the hospital.”

The steam-boat and the wharf now exhibited a busy scene—friends seeking their friends, and porters lifting and arranging their baggage. Among those who were anxiously looking for their expected friends, Mrs. Hastings descried her husband. He came joyfully to meet her; she introduced Justina to him; he smiled cordially on her, and expressed his satisfaction that his wife would now be relieved from her accustomed lonesomeness. Mrs. Hastings inquired after the health of Mr. Cavendish.

“ Much the same,” he replied; “ but I believe he is very tired and impatient of your absence, for he asks every day if it is not time for you to come home.”

The porter had by this time placed their trunks on his wheelbarrow, and the party walked up Market-street.

Philadelphia did not strike Justina as so beautiful and cheerful a city as New-York.

\* Clarkson's Life of William Penn.

The dark bricks with which the houses were built, and which are never painted, had a gloomy appearance; but as she proceeded to the more modern part of the city, her opinion began to waver, and she could not but acknowledge their finer style of architecture. She then came up Chesnut-street, which appeared to her "a street of palaces;" in this street Mr. Cavendish lived. On entering the house, Mrs. Hastings welcomed her kindly. She conducted her into the back room, which was the sitting-room, and told her to sit down while she went to see Mr. Cavendish, and also to have a room prepared for her. In her absence Justina surveyed the room; it was spacious, with a lofty ceiling, and communicated with the front room, with folding-doors of mahogany. The furniture was handsome, and of costly materials, highly polished, and in a fine state of preservation, but appeared, from its peculiar air and fashion, to have been made many years ago. An immense mirror filled the space between the windows; the walls were painted blue, and decorated with pictures; one of them, the portrait of a youth apparently eighteen, arrested her attention,

from the extreme beauty of the countenance, and gracefulness of the form.

Mrs. Hastings after a while came in, and they sat down to tea.—“I have not yet told Mr. Cavendish of your arrival,” said she; “I shall do it when occasion requires; indeed you might live here a year without his knowing it, for he eats by himself, and never leaves his room except to get into his carriage to ride. Since his last paralytic stroke, his limbs are so feeble that he cannot walk without a cane.”

“Did the paralytic stroke affect his mind?” said Justina.

“Not at all, that I can perceive; he is serious even to melancholy sometimes, but he was so indeed before.”

“Has he any associates?” said Justina.

“Very seldom, nor does he desire any; the minister of the church comes once or twice a-week to see him, and they converse very long together. Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter also pay him a weekly visit—this is all the company he ever has.”

“Who is Mrs. Mortimer?” said Justina, who now began to feel some interest in those she was likely to see.

“She was formerly the wife of Mr. Ca-

vendish's only brother, and is the mother of his nephew, who is his heir. Shortly after the death of her first husband, who lived only three years after his marriage, she married Mr. Mortimer; she is again a widow, and lives a few streets off, with her daughter, Miss Mortimer. Neither she nor her daughter are favourites with Mr. Cavenish; he thinks the mother proud and heartless, and the daughter pert and vain, and takes no pleasure in their visits."

Perhaps he is misanthropic," said Justina.

"I don't think you can call him *that*, for he is kind and gentle in his manners; but except in the way of doing them good, he appears to have done with the world and its people, his nephew only excepted, who seems to absorb all the affections of his heart—that is the picture of his nephew, over the sideboard."

"Does it resemble him?" said Justina.

"Very much, they say, but I have never seen him; he has been travelling in Europe these three years; but he is expected home shortly, for his uncle, after his last paralytic stroke, wrote for him to return immediately."

Justina's thoughts were full of pity for the infirm and solitary old man, who had been so long without any one near him whom he loved. She then inquired what employments, what sources of enjoyment he had.

"Why, I don't think he has much," said Mrs. Hastings, "yet he appears very contented; he is very fond of reading, but he cannot do that long at a time, for his eyes are weak; I ~~like~~ to read to him a great deal, but it is very wearisome to me, after a while, for my voice becomes hoarse; I am in hopes that he will let you read for him, which will rid me of a very tedious task."

"That I will do with a great deal of pleasure," said Justina, "if he will permit me. What kind of books is he fond of?"

"Oh! entirely religious; the Bible is his daily companion—that he generally reads to himself: he is fond of every thing about Bible and Missionary Societies, and seems to view, with a kind of prophetic delight, the time when Christianity is to prevail over the whole globe. I have to read to him all the Bible and Missionary Reports, from all parts of the world."

"Good and happy old man!" thought

Justina, "and I have been pitying thy want of pleasures. He, in the extension of whose kingdom thou delightest, will bless thee, and even in decrepitude and death, many may envy, none need pity thee."

Mrs. Hastings conducted Justina to the room which she told her she must regard as her own, and where she hoped she would make herself comfortable. It was a front room in the third story; the furniture of which, like the rest of the house, was ancient and splendid. The bedstead was of dark mahogany, whose massy pillars were richly carved; an ancient chest of drawers stood on one side of the room, with the key in it, and empty, for her use; a writing-desk, chairs, and washstand, all of the same kind of wood and make, with a very large mirror in an old-fashioned frame, completed the furniture. Her kind hostess told her, whatever else was wanting she need only mention it.—"The curtains have been taken down," continued she, "but you can put them up whenever you please."

"I never have any curtains to my bed," she replied, "and as for the windows, I like these green blind shutters much better."

Mrs. Hastings then bade her a friendly

good-night; and Justina, after committing herself in prayer to her Almighty Protector, laid down to rest; but she was kept long awake, by the recollections of the varying scenes she had passed through during the day, her untried situation in a new place, the interest which the solitary Mr. Cavenish excited; and every now and then, when she would just drop into a slumber, she would be awakened by the loud voice of the watchman singing out the hour.

## CHAPTER XI.

~~~~~

-Gentle as the gale  
Whose breath perfumes anew the blossom'd vale,  
Yet quick of spirit as the electric beam,  
When from the clouds its darting lightnings stream.

SEWARD.

THE next morning, as Justina was assisting Mrs. Hastings in clearing off the breakfast-table, a young lady, with a face bright with intelligence, and glowing with health and beauty, first peeped into the door, and then ran forward.—“So you have come

home at last!—but who have you here?” cried she, gazing at Justina.

Mrs. Hastings directly introduced them to each other; the latter to Justina by the name of “Miss Rushbrook, who,” she added, “is my next-door neighbour.”

“Well now,” said Miss Rushbrook, “since you have told her about me, pray tell me where she comes from, and what she is doing here.”

Mrs. Hastings smiled, and said—“I have brought her from New-York, and she is going to live with me.”

“Pray send her back to New-York as speedily as possible; we Philadelphia girls will allow of no such thing; you shall bring no girl here to eclipse us all.”

“Oh! Miss Melross will not be in your way at all,” said Mrs. Hastings; “she goes to no balls nor plays—her pleasures are all domestic.”

“Worse and worse,” cried Miss Rushbrook; “she will only be so much the more admired.”

“But I shall certainly be so much the less seen,” said Justina.

“No,” replied the lively girl, “we shall



have the house surrounded, in order to get a glimpse of the retired, foreign beauty.— Well! well! I'll try to make the best of it; perhaps I may stand a chance, as I live next door, to win a few hearts by mistake, as they are looking for you."

She then ran on in the same sportive strain, telling the news to Mrs. Hastings, with whom she seemed to be on the most familiar terms, and asking her questions about all she had seen in New-York.—"It is a place," said she, "I have never been at, and I have long planned a visit there, intending to cut some figure, and make many conquests—but if this is a specimen of their women, I think I may as well stay at home, for I do very well here." She then continued—"As you have only returned last night, I suppose you have not yet seen Mrs. Mortimer and her amiable daughter."

"No," replied Mrs. Hastings, smiling.

"Then you will have the pleasure of their company to tea this afternoon, and if I don't find something pleasanter to do with myself, you may also hope for the honour of seeing me again." With this promise she went away.

When she was gone, Mrs. Hastings gave

Justina a few touches of her history and character: that she had been left an orphan early; to the care of an uncle, who doted upon her, and with whom she lived; that she ruled his house, and himself into the bargain. That her uncle had had her educated with great strictness and care; but as soon as she had finished her education, he allowed her to do just as she pleased, and that he thought whatever she pleased to do was right.—“She has a large fortune,” she continued, “in her own right, and still larger expectations from her uncle; she keeps the most literary as well as the most fashionable society in Philadelphia—she is a great favourite with all, notwithstanding a degree of sprightly freedom and frankness that I never saw equalled, and which certainly is calculated to displease all those whom she does not like; her manners are thought charming, her conversation full of mind, and her heart is noble and benevolent; for while she speaks with the greatest unreserve of every one she thinks meanly of or dislikes, she has always warm feelings of tenderness for modest worth. While her wit and satire lash without mercy the proud and the vain, she always not

only spares, but looks with an eye of kindness on diffident merit :—an independent spirit pervades all she says and does—this, I have sometimes thought, is partly owing to her situation ; but yet, I think too, she would have had an independent mind in any situation, though, perhaps, people would not have been so willing to tolerate it as they now do. She talks very saucily,” added Mrs. Hastings, “ to the Mortimers ; she ridicules their love of fashion and gentility, but they bear it all very patiently, because they are proud of her acquaintance.”

Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter came, as Miss Rushbrook said they would, to spend the afternoon. After passing an hour with Mr. Cavendish, which was their usual custom, they came into the dining-room to Mrs. Hastings, who introduced them to Justina, to whom they courtesied very coldly and stiffly. They conversed with Mrs. Hastings respecting Mr. Cavendish, whom they thought evidently declining very fast ; spoke of their expectations of soon seeing Ferdinand ; and chatted about many things relative to their own concerns.

Justina, occupied with her work, took no part in the conversation, though her busy

mind could not fail to read in their faces and conversation, their thoughts and characters.

After a while Miss Rushbrook entered. —“ I knew you would be dull without me, so out of pity to you all, I have come to take tea with you.”

They expressed their pleasure at seeing her.

She then began to converse with great vivacity; entertained them with various narratives, and made a point of addressing many of her remarks to Justina, as if to signify the respect she felt for her, and her attentions increased in proportion to the affected disregard which she noticed on the part of the Mortimers.

Justina perceived at once the superiority of Miss Rushbrook's character in this particular, and her heart felt a glow of warm and affectionate acknowledgment for such kindness to a neglected stranger.

After tea Justina left the room for something relating to her work, when Mrs. Mortimer eagerly inquired of Mrs. Hastings “who she was—and why she had brought her?”

She answered, she had brought her to assist her in her household cares.

"Something, I suppose," said Mrs. Mortimer, "in the capacity of an upper servant?"

"No, madam; she is to be my companion."

"Servant, indeed!" cried Miss Rushbrook. "She looks more as if we might all be her servants."

"I don't think she looks any such thing," said Charlotte Mortimer.

"Miss Melross," said Mrs. Hastings, "is of a highly-respectable family, and has received an excellent education; she was looking out for a situation as a private instructress in a family, when I proposed she should come with me to Philadelphia."

Justina here entered, and the conversation was suspended.

Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter viewed her with still more scorn, and Miss Rushbrook with awakened interest.

"Was not Mrs. Grafton looking out for a young woman to teach her daughters?—did you not tell me that she had commissioned you to procure her one you could

recommend?" said Mrs. Mortimer to Miss Rushbrook.

"Yes, she sent me such a commission; but as I could not in conscience recommend Mrs. Grafton herself to any one, although she is my cousin, I have never troubled myself about her commission."

"Why, what is her fault or failing?" said Mrs. Mortimer. "She is certainly a woman who moves in the first circle—lives, I am told, in most elegant style—has distinguished connexions, and great wealth."

"Yes; and that is what I call her fault or failing," said Miss Rushbrook. "For, by reason of not having a good and religious education to counteract the influence of so many things of this world, all the enjoyments you have mentioned have only conspired to make her as proud as Lucifer. I once sent out a young woman to her, whom she treated as if she did not belong to the same species as herself; the poor girl, who possessed too much sensibility, and a delicate constitution, fell into a lingering disease, from which, I am thankful to say, she has entirely recovered, or I should have had her death on my conscience."

"The girl was a fool," said Mrs. Morti-

mer. "She surely had no right to expect to be treated as an equal."

"She was an unassuming girl, and required nothing but humanity; equality she never wished for, but only to be exempt from scorn. She was, however, her equal in respectable birth, and more than her equal in education, as well as in every amiable quality; all that she was beneath her in was wealth, and that is the meanest of all foundations for pride to rest on. When you become poor, madam, which in the vicissitudes of life may be the case, will you be willing, and will you think it right, that the rich should trample on you."

"From the way you talk," said Mrs. Mortimer, "one would suppose that you ~~thought there~~ ought to be no such thing as rank in society."

• "There will ever be a vast difference as to rank and condition in society; talents will make it, education will make it, virtue will make it; and even wealth I will permit to have all its influence, when in the hands of benevolence, not else; but my homage shall never be given to riches, when they only serve to supply the possessor with the means of pomp and empty shew, and

with the power of indulging selfish pleasures, and all that dazzling display and parade which you call fashion and gentility."

"If all these things have no influence on you, Miss Rushbrook," said Charlotte, "they have on every one else, I can tell you."

"By what you have said of Mrs. Grafton," said Mrs. Mortimer, "you would not think her house a desirable situation for Miss Melross?"

"No, madam, nor for Miss Mortimer either."

"My daughter, madam," said Mrs. Mortimer, proudly, "is not seeking such a situation, nor is she likely ever to have occasion for it."

"There is no knowing what may happen to any of us," said Miss Rushbrook, "so it is always best to do to all others as we would wish them to do to us in similar circumstances."

"But Miss Melross, I hope, is not yet discontented with her present situation; for I flatter myself," said Mrs. Hastings, "that she will like me, and that we shall enjoy a long and intimate acquaintance."

Justina smiled and looked grateful, and Mrs. Hastings said, she hoped Miss Mel-



ross would find them all so agreeable, that she would not wish to leave them for a long while.

Mrs. Hastings the next day conducted Justina into the library of Mr. Cavendish. It was one of the front rooms in the second story, and communicated with the chamber which Mr. Cavendish occupied, with a small intermediate apartment between them. The library-room was spacious, the walls were entirely lined with book-cases, closely stowed with books, large piles of which were also lying on the floor.

Mrs. Hastings left Justina to enjoy herself among them; she found almost every author she had ever heard or read of, with many others, with the exception of authors of modern date, for the library did not appear to have received any new supplies for several years. Volumes the most rare and costly, with splendid bindings and superb engravings, bespoke the taste and wealth of the owner. There were also many portfolios of pictures, from the most celebrated artists. There were books in various languages—all the celebrated authors in French, Italian, German, and Spanish, besides those of the Greek and Latin Classics. The mar-

gins of many of the works were crowded with manuscript notes and remarks, which proved the learning of the owner; and, on opening the poets, the historians, as well as all the authors of modern literature, she found the margins enriched, in like manner, with the most judicious and profound observations and criticisms.

Justina was enraptured at the rich sources of enjoyment here presented to her; she took some of the books with her to her own room, to examine them more closely, and determined, in her own mind, to visit the library every day.

Her visit to this deserted library filled her with deep reflection.—“The owner of it,” said she, “has tasted all the intellectual pleasures this world can give him; but he has now resigned them for still nobler ones—to the intellectual has succeeded the spiritual taste; he has done with the kingdoms of this world, and his soul has already the foretastes of the kingdom of his Lord.” She conceived a great veneration for his character, and ardently wished, while she almost dreaded, to see him.

## CHAPTER XII.

Pure charity! that comes not in a shower,  
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds;  
But, like the dew, with gradual, silent power,  
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads.

MOORE.

ON the Sabbath, Justina wishing to go to church, Mrs. Hastings directed her to one, the minister of which she was sure she would like, and told Mr. Hastings, who accompanied her, to take her to Mrs. Blendon's pew, Mrs. Hastings herself not being able to leave Mr. Cavendish. Justina was, as Mrs. Hastings predicted, greatly pleased with the strong sense, plain, perspicuous style, and pious earnestness of the preacher, and resolved, while she staid in Philadelphia, that it should be her church.

As she was much given to physiognomy, particularly where it appeared to be favorable for the discovery of good qualities, she was much struck with the interesting countenance and demeanour of the lady whose

pew she sat in, and who had with her a most lovely and attractive child, of ten years old, who appeared to be her daughter. The lady and herself frequently exchanged looks, in which mutual prepossession was expressed.

When she returned home, she inquired of Mrs. Hastings respecting this lady, and was informed that she was a widow, who had, some years since, been left in very reduced circumstances, but that, when she found she had to depend upon her own exertions, she had taken good courage, knowing, she said, that the Lord would not forsake her, and that she had opened a little dry-goods' shop in Third-street, in which she had, by industry and strict frugality, so prospered, that she had not only been able to pay the debts left by her husband, but that it was said she had several thousand dollars in the Bank.—“She is,” added Mrs. Hastings, “one of the most excellent of women, and is the refuge of all the poor around; she seeks out those who weep in secret, and who would rather starve than beg; by timely aid and counsel, raises and encourages them, animates them to industry, takes care of them when sick, and pro-

cures them work when in health. Her shop is full of articles made by people in low circumstances, which she sells for them at no profit to herself, after indeed giving them the materials of which they are made, such as cambric muslins, gloves, tettering, points, and various trimmings, and varieties of work. People, by going to her store, may find also many articles of useful clothing ready made. She has a great deal of custom, for her judgment in goods is excellent, and every one knows her integrity, and that her price is as moderate as she can afford. —I often think," continued Mrs. Hastings, "that she is one of the happiest people I know, for she spends her time in doing good, and her heart is full of love to God and her fellow-creatures. Her friends have sometimes thought that she might live with a little more indulgence to herself, and not be quite so liberal and bountiful to all others; but she replies—'Freely ye have received, freely give;' and she thinks that she never can sufficiently evince her gratitude and love to Him who gave himself for her. She has also a very promising little girl, whom she is endeavouring to bring up in 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord.'

I never saw, I think, an instance of stronger ties of parental and filial love, than exists between the mother and the child; they are hardly ever separated; the child will not quit her for the sake of any of her young companions, and is almost constantly at her side in the shop, or wherever she goes."

"I will go and see this excellent woman to-morrow," said Justina; "I want to add a few articles to my wardrobe, and I will go to her store, for I should like much to be acquainted with her."

"I will take a walk there with you," said Mrs. Hastings, "and introduce you, if I am able to leave Mr. Cavendish."

The next day they went as they had planned, to Mrs. Blendon's. Justina was charmed even beyond her expectations, which had been highly raised by what Mrs. Hastings had told her, with both mother and child. From this day commenced a most endearing friendship between them. Every morning, after breakfast, Justina now took a walk to Mrs. Blendon's. On a more intimate acquaintance with her, she found that she not only possessed a heart and understanding of high religious cultivation, but also much mental improvement on other

subjects; her judgment and discrimination scarcely ever erred, but they constantly leaned, whenever a doubt existed, to the benevolent and charitable side. She became her companion in her travels of charity, and her assistant in many good works.

Justina felt also greatly interested in the improvement of little Julia, who, to a fine capacity, added an ingenuous and affectionate disposition, and she became her instructress in many things, to the delight of her fond mother, who had never seen a person before she so entirely wished her child to resemble; she readily acquiesced in all her plans for her instruction, and furnished Justina with money to procure such books as she thought proper for her. She therefore made a selection of histories and other books, calculated to excite a thirst for knowledge, as well as to make its acquirement easy and pleasant to her. She would set her portions to read with care, and then examine her on them, and draw from the child her own remarks and reflections on the subjects, in the way her father had pursued with her, and from which she had in after life found such advantage. The little pupil, awakened to so many new sources of

pleasure, loved her instructress, and waited with impatience every day for the hour when she expected her visit.

Justina had now been nearly three weeks in the house of Mr. Cavendish, without ever seeing its master, and she began to fear that she should have no opportunity of doing so, for she relieved Mrs. Hastings of so much domestic care, that the latter was now able to give almost her whole time to Mr. Cavendish, though the confinement was at times so tiresome to her, that she wished much that Justina might be allowed to stay with him to relieve her; but this she always feared to propose to him, for he appeared to wish to see no person but herself and his clergyman, and the physician who attended him. The weekly visit of the Mortimers he seemed to tolerate rather than to enjoy; he was too kind and patient to utter a complaint, but Mrs. Hastings saw that he felt it a great relief when they were gone; she had not therefore mentioned to him a word about Justina.

He had now become so debilitated in his limbs, that his rides abroad were entirely relinquished; indeed, it was with difficulty



that he was able to cross the room, even with the assistance of crutches. Justina listened to accounts of him every day, and at each visit of the Mortimers his increasing infirmities were discussed. His death, and the return of their all-accomplished son and brother, was, she found, the epoch from which they were to date their entrance into the world of splendour and fashion with unrivalled brilliancy. With no other but people of acknowledged gentility would they at present associate; but their moderate income did not permit them to launch out as they intended to do, when under the protection, and aided by the finances of their gay and polished Ferdinand. Justina they still continued to treat with haughtiness and indifference, except in the presence of Miss Rushbrook, who was her great admirer and friend, and whom they did not wish to displease; for when they did say any thing to wound Justina's feelings, Miss Rushbrook generally retorted with some such cutting sarcasm, that they were glad to obtain a truce by being civil to her.

Miss Rushbrook, in the true spirit of friendship, made it a point to come every afternoon when she knew the weekly visit

of the Mortimers was to be made, which was a kindness to them all; for while the Mortimers were proud of her company, they were entertained by her vivacity; and to Justina it was a great relief from the formal stiffness which would otherwise have prevailed. She always prepared something tempting to regale them at tea, and with her excellent cakes, and Miss Rushbrook's sprightly conversation, they found their weekly visits so pleasant, that, as Mrs. Hastings said, "they quite reckoned on it."

Justina, whenever her services were not wanted by Mrs. Hastings, found herself irresistibly drawn each day to the library, where the sources to gratify her mind and curiosity could never, she imagined, be exhausted. From the library she was often called to receive the daily visits of Miss Rushbrook, who had now become so fond of her, that she brought her work an hour or two every afternoon, to sit and chat with her. One afternoon she came, and Justina, as usual, was called out of the library.— "What in the world do you mean, Miss Melross, by constantly rummaging among those old musty volumes?"

"Have you ever been in the library?" said Justina, smiling.

"To be sure I have; why there is not a book there that belongs to the present century; and as I am no antiquary, they don't suit me."

"You are mistaken," said Justina, "it is only the literature of the few last years that is omitted."

"Well, well, the literature that is omitted is enough for me; it is as much as I can keep pace with, and that I find is quite sufficient for a genteel lady, as Mrs. Mortimer would say, to know any thing of."

"Perhaps so," said Justina; "but I am something of an antiquary in books; for there are a great many of the old ones that I prefer."

"You are an odd thing," returned Miss Rushbrook; "I thought so the first time I set my eyes on you, and I have seen no reason to change my opinion since."

"Well, I am even with you," returned Justina, "for I also think you very odd; indeed I am often terrified to hear how you dare to talk as you do."

"You think I am too saucy, I suppose."

"Don't you sometimes think so yourself?"

"I don't know but I do sometimes," said Miss Rushbrook, "and then I make a resolution to behave better, which I keep until somebody provokes me."

"And that you call reformation!" said Justina, smiling.

"Come, come, Miss Melross, I won't allow that I am altogether so wrong either; if there were not some knight-errant spirits like myself, what would become of all those distressed damsels who are too amiable to speak for themselves?"

"I will allow for the generosity of your motives," said Justina; "but yet I think that, like your prototype, you are always rather too ready to fight."

One afternoon, Justina having no pressing occupation on hand, repaired to her never-failing enjoyment, the library. She had already been there more than an hour, and was seated, poring over one of those old musty volumes, as Miss Rushbrook called them, when she was startled by the sudden opening of the door belonging to the little room which led into Mr. Cavendish's apartment. A tall and venerable figure appear-

ed, supported by crutches, whom she instantly knew to be Mr. Cavendish. Over his lofty brow and noble features, which at once announced powerful intellect, shone all the sweetness of benevolence and beauty of holiness, to which was added that grandeur of expression which the faith that, by uniting the soul to Jesus, elevates it above this world, can alone bestow; and his sinking frame and wasted features bespoke his evident nearness to another world.

Justina gazed at him with awe and veneration; she recognised immediately a striking likeness, both in features and countenance, to the portrait of his youthful nephew; only that the beautiful Corinthian column had been mouldered by the hand of time into a sublime ruin. He also gazed earnestly at Justina; he made an effort, and reached the chair near the door, on which he sat down. Justina felt much uneasiness at appearing in the light of an intruder, but her awe kept her silent. He then spoke to her, in a voice deep-toned and musical as the organ's majestic swell.—“Let not my presence alarm you young lady—you are welcome to the use of my library, which I now so rarely visit, that all the pleasure it

"I afford me is the thought of the enjoyment it may give to others."

Justina then uttered a few words, importing that Mr. Hastings had given her leave to come into his library.

"Who are you?" said he, fixing his penetrating eyes intently on her, "whose countenance and voice bring to my remembrance the days of former years?"

"My name is Justina Mass."

"I thought so—the name of Justina Falkland—you are her living image."

"Who is she who resembles my mother," replied she, "say that I resemble her."

"I am one of those," cried he, with emphasis, "who remember her—come nearer to me, child, and tell me something of yourself. I know you are an orphan—where do you live?"

"I have been living in your house for three weeks, sir: I came from New-York with Mrs. Hastings."

He smiled benevolently on her—"You are welcome to my house, but why have you not been told so?"

"Mrs. Hastings thought the sight of a stranger might disturb you."

"Well, then, we are not strangers," said

he, " I hope you will visit me every day."

He then directed her to bring him a book which he designated, from one of the shelves, resumed his crutches, and returned to his own room, accompanied by Justina, who carried his book for him. Mrs. Hastings had been absent from his apartment for some time, and in her absence musing on a book which he wished much to examine again, he thought he would try if his strength would serve him to visit his library once more ; and this was the occasion of his unexpected appearance to Justina.

Justina informed Mrs. Hastings of her interview with Mr. Cavendish, and how kindly he had greeted her, but said nothing about his allusion to her mother, the manner of which seemed to imply his having had more than an usual interest in her.

The next day Mr. Cavendish said to Mrs. Hastings—" I have seen Miss Melross ; she might relieve you, I think, of some of your confinement, by staying here and reading to me ; pray do let her come now."

Justina from this time spent nearly the half of each afternoon in his room, reading for, or conversing with him ; he asked her many questions relative to her family, and

drew from her much of her history, an account of her early education, her father's character, his joy at being able to pay all his debts, and many interesting anecdotes which his questions suggested, for he seemed never tired of listening to her narrations and remarks. So fond had he become of her society, that he always appeared to be wishing for her return whenever she happened to be absent; he was pleased to be served by her, to have his drinks and food prepared by her hands, and indeed, as Mrs. Hastings said—"She never saw any thing like it, for he seemed to think there was nobody could do any thing right but Miss Melross." She was glad to be relieved from so close an attendance on Mr. Cavendish, but was not quite pleased to find herself becoming second in the scale of consequence, to one whom she had tried to treat as in rather an inferior capacity to herself; but she now began to perceive that she herself was frequently looked upon as an intruder in the room, for he would desist, at times, from some conversation he seemed to be deeply interested in as she entered, and appeared to be waiting for her absence to renew it.



He did indeed converse deeply on many themes with Justina, for delighted to find once more a heart and mind that could understand his, he breathed forth thoughts long buried in the recesses of his mind, having had no one to whom to impart them.

Justina listened with deep interest to thoughts the most elevated, and wisdom the most profound. His long absence from the world made him feel as if he were scarcely one of its inhabitants. It appeared to him a globe rolling beneath him, and which he scanned as it rolled; his geographic eye knew all its boundaries and divisions; his extensive reading had informed him of its various empires, with their laws, customs, languages, and religions; and it was all in his view but "a rattle of a globe," compared to the boundless and glorious regions to which he was about to ascend. Yet, though the world and all its treasures appeared so little to him, each immortal being that inhabited it was, in his sight, of immense value.—"Oh, strange infatuation!" he would exclaim—"oh, perfection of folly! that beings destined for eternity should care so much for the transient things of time, as to forget in them their immortal welfare: did

“Jesus value their souls so much, and do they value them so little?”

Justina had now her time so fully employed, that she had scarcely a moment to spare for her old resort, the library. She still visited Mrs. Blendon every morning, and passed the greater part of the rest of the day with Mr. Cavendish.

Her friend, Miss Rushbrook, also visited her daily, and that was the time she generally devoted to sewing.

She also kept up a correspondence with her sister and aunt. Their letters to her were affectionate and cheerful, and she found from them that Augusta had entirely regained her peace and gaiety. Elmore visited them again, and appeared desirous to efface, by his present conduct, all that had before been painful to them.

This was exactly what Justina expected would take place, and she prayed sincerely that his character might acquire that steadiness which might render him worthy of her sister; for, in other respects, it was estimable.

Arlington, their letters informed her, had left A—— for England in about a week after her departure. A friend of his having

some important business to transact on the other side of the Atlantic, had persuaded him to become his agent, and they had not heard from him since his embarkation.

### CHAPTER XIII.

.....

'Tis hers—that look of blended thought;  
Those mildly pensive serious eyes.                      RODMAN.

By a singular guidance, which, if we take the pains to trace, we often observe in the course of human affairs, Arlington, on his landing in London, took up his abode at the house of Mrs. Selwin, the lady with whom Melross and his daughter lived nine years. Their increasing prosperity had removed them to a finer street, and a more commodious house, but they still took a few respectable persons as boarders; and there never came an American to the house to whom Mrs. Selwin did not immediately apply for some intelligence respecting Justina, for whom she retained the fondest remembrance. When she found that Arlington

was an American, as they were sitting at tea, she said, rather abruptly—"Mr. Arlington, do you know one Miss Justina Melross, of America?"

He started from a reverie, in which his fancy was fondly occupied with her image. —"Miss Justina Melross! Certainly, I know her very well. Do *you* know her, madam?"

"To be sure I do," cried she. "She lived with me nine years, and grew up under my eye. Indeed I may say I partly brought her up, for I taught her to sew, to work, and cook, and whatever else her poor father could not teach her; and I suspect you have not many lovelier women in America than she is; but it is like enough she is married long before this, for she was a most beautiful creature, and they say they marry early in your country."

"Miss Melross was not married when I left America," replied Arlington.

"Well, I wonder at that; but it must be because she is very particular; for it will be no common character that will win her, I can tell you."

Here the cheeks of the modest Arlington glowed with a feeling, which, if it was not

vanity, must have been a consciousness of worth.

From this time Arlington and Mrs. Selwin formed a friendship; she was delighted to find at last one that could tell her something of her dear child, as she called her; and he was not sorry to meet with one who could relate to him a hundred anecdotes of her childhood; describe her sweetness of disposition, her self-denial, her disinterestedness, and relate instances of her strict adherence to truth, her industry, and her filial piety, all founded on the pure precepts of her Lord, and her faith in Him. She dwelt much on her conduct to her father during his sickness—her sensibility, yet her strong endeavour to be resigned at his death, lest she should murmur at the dispensations of her Lord.

Mrs. Selwin talked on until she perceived, with amazement, that the man whom she had taken for a stern philosopher, had his eyes swimming in tears, and she admired him the more for paying this tribute to the merit of Justina, and to the eloquence of her eulogium.

“This,” said he to himself, “is the heart that loved me, and which I have wounded.”

∴ Mrs. Selwin had had Justina's picture taken for herself about a year before she left London; she was then fourteen. This picture she shewed to Arlington, who was so struck with the likeness, that he begged leave to retain it for a little while.

It was indeed a picture, which, had it not been Justina's, he would have delighted to contemplate for its exquisite beauty; but she was still extremely like her picture, and he traced a great resemblance, though he thought she had been improving in her expression ever since. He asked permission of Mrs. Selwin to take it to an eminent painter, to have it copied; to which she consented, on condition that great care was taken of it.

Arlington gave the painter some instructions concerning it; one was, to give it a more mature look; to paint it as he would imagine such a face and form would appear at twenty; and that the flowing ringlets of fourteen must be gathered together and confined by a comb.

• The artist succeeded wonderfully; so much so, that the gratified and almost romantic Arlington, had the picture of Justina, representing her as when he saw her

last; except, indeed, that he felt, while gazing on it, the truth of lord Bacon's remark, "that the finest part of beauty is what no painter can express."

When he shewed his picture to Mrs. Selwin, and asked her whether she thought it a correct copy, she looked at it for some time—"Ah, I see how it is; this is as Miss Melross looks now; what a lovely woman she is! This is *your* Miss Melross, and the other is mine. I was very stupid," said she, smiling, "not to think of all this before."

Mr. Cavendish became every day weaker: he was now unable to sit up, except at short intervals; his attachment to Justina too seemed to increase; it was like the tenderness of a fond parent to a darling child; his eyes rested with satisfaction on her when she was present; and when she was absent, he watched the door, as if hoping to see her enter.

One day, as she was going, he called her back, and put into her hand a pocket-book, which he had taken from his secretary, and requested her to keep it.

She appeared to wish to decline it, but he said—"You must take it; it is the gift

of a parental friend; you may be in want of something, with which it will supply you."

On opening it in her own room, she found it contained bank-bills to the amount of five hundred dollars. It was a welcome supply; for her travelling and other expences had nearly exhausted her finances: but now she felt so rich, as to suppose she need never fear want.

One morning Justina had gone early to Mrs. Blendon's, where she had been detained much longer than usual, tracing maps with Julia. When she returned, Mrs. Hastings met her, and said—"Oh, Miss Melross, you must not go out again! Mr. Cavendish has been repeatedly inquiring for you, and he became quite agitated on being told, the last time, that you had not yet returned; I will go now, and tell him that you are come."

Mrs. Hastings came back soon after, and said—"He is now lying down, and does not wish to be disturbed; but he says that you must come and see him as soon as you have dined."

Justina went after dinner to the room of Mr. Cavendish. He was sitting up in his arm-chair, absorbed in such deep thought,



as not to notice her entrance. She did not disturb him by speaking to him, but sat quietly down at some distance.

On perceiving her, he said—"Come and sit near to me, Justina, for, if my voice permits me, I want to talk a great deal to you."

Justina obeyed him, and placed her chair near him.

"Will you have patience," said he, "to listen to an old man's story?"

She expressed her readiness, and bowed attentively.

"I entered life at twenty-one, master of myself, and heir to a large fortune. My parents were both dead—my guardians being released from their trust, there were none who had authority or interest to advise me. I plunged into all the dissipations, and what are called pleasures of life. The seeds of piety had been early implanted in my heart by my parents; but these parents were gone, and their precepts, though not entirely forgotten, were unheeded, as it respects my actions; indeed, I wished their utter oblivion; for as they did not influence my practice, they only served to add stings to a conscience that could not always be silenced. Adorned with the gifts of na-

ture, favoured with those of Providence, the business of my life seemed to be to abuse all these advantages. It is a mournful retrospect, but so passed all the years of my youth, and many of my manhood. My only brother had married, but his married life gave me no high idea of conjugal felicity; his wife had neither the qualities nor the wish to constitute the happiness of a home, where she herself took no delight. I looked therefore on marriage, as it respected myself, as a very remote event, when I should be tired of the toil of a life of varied and restless enjoyment, and should want a home and a heart, where I could repose my exhausted health and wearied imagination; and then so highly did I rate my advantages of fascinating manners and polished exterior, to say nothing of my riches, which, notwithstanding my extravagance, were not much impaired, that I believed I had only to name a lady, from the most lovely and youthful, in order to obtain her.

“Such were my plans and my belief, when I became acquainted with Justina Falkland—and, for the first time, felt that genuine love was a quality of the soul. Oh, those eyes of brightest intelligence and gen-

tlest feelings; that carnation bloom, which health spread over the face, and which fluctuated with each emotion; those rich locks of glossy auburn; that voice of sensibility which seemed to infuse, into every heart, the sentiments of virtue it uttered! All these have long since perished in the grave; yet still, on the borders of the grave, do they live in my remembrance. But I will not fatigue you with too long a story—I declared my attachment, and to my unspeakable, nay, incredible amazement, was rejected. Notwithstanding my pride and my displeasure, I still pursued her with persevering attentions, but in vain; she at length told me that she could love only virtue. I promised, and indeed determined to become what she wished, and began something like reformation; but she waited not for my change of character; she not long after married another. I did not deserve the blessing of such a wife; it was therefore not bestowed on me.

“ I had now relinquished all expectation of marrying. My brother, too, soon after died, and I was left alone in the world: for his wife I cared but little. So rapidly had she spent his fortune for him, that at his

death she found herself in needy circumstances. I took care that she should be preserved from want, but her society gave me no pleasure. She not long after married again. The infant son of my brother still remained with her, and as she seemed much attached to him, I permitted her to keep him for awhile. He was to be my heir, and indeed he was the only object on earth that excited much interest. I determined that as he advanced in life, and became capable of receiving instruction, he should have every advantage of education this or any other country could afford; but he was yet too young to be my companion, and I had my own happiness to seek; for however the world might think otherwise, I was miserable at heart. Something like a wish for the attainment of the supreme good, for which we were designed, would occasionally rise in my mind. I discontinued all immorality of conduct, and became rather better pleased with myself. I cultivated the love of literature, for which I had always a taste, and frequented the society of men engaged in the same pursuit. My large income enabled me to procure whatever books I chose, with every other aid to

science; to become the patron of genius of every kind, and to form and execute many and large plans of benevolence. I felt now that I acted up more to the dignity of human nature, and began to pride myself much on this circumstance; of the dignity of human nature my companions talked much. Religion too was frequently our topic; my conscience had often reproached me for the want of it. I listened to their plausible reasoning, to their refined explanations, and to their arguments for the necessity of expunging from the Bible texts and passages too literal to be mistaken, but which were too opposite to their creed to be allowed to remain. My understanding could not entirely assent, but their religion suited me well. It required not the anguish of repentance; it asked no self-abasement, which did not accord with the dignity of my feelings. I was willing to be moral, for I had no inclination or temptation to be otherwise. My heart inclined me to do good to my fellow-creatures. My external deportment and language were correct, and why should the Searcher of hearts be at the trouble himself to examine the evil of mine? let him forget all that was past, and

my future conduct should be blameless: what more could a rational being do, or a rational Deity exact? It was not, it is true, the religion my parents had taught me; but they had read their Bible literally, and the world was now more enlightened. But I will not weary you, dear Justina, with all our discussions, and my struggles against the power of truth, in my wish to embrace this new creed. I did embrace it. Well may the gospel say, that when Judas had resolved to betray his Lord, ‘he went immediately out, and *it was night*;

for oh, what a night of darkness fell upon my soul! for years did I wander in this maze of error, sometimes believing more, and sometimes less. During this period Justina died, and though I had scarcely seen her during her marriage, the world appeared still more empty since she had left it. She had been a true believer in the gospel of her God and Saviour; her life had been an exemplification of her faith, and so perfect did she appear to me, that I almost thought the religion she loved, practised, and died in, must be right. My own by no means made me happy; if it was the path to heaven I was treading, it was a very cold and cheerless

one. I wanted a Deity more allied, more near to me; one that could have a feeling for my infirmities, more sympathy for my sorrows. Mine was no religion to rest in; for even the most enlightened of its advocates has said, 'that among the serious ones of their class, there will always be a tenderness in exposing them (those who believe in the divinity of the Saviour), a sort of leaning towards them, as in walking over a precipice one should lean to the safest side; an idea that if their doctrines are not true, they at least are good to be believed; and that a salutary error is better than a dangerous truth.' Thus for ever will the serious part of this sect revolt against their own principles.

"I had now become uneasy, and began inquiring with sincerity after the truth. God would have his own; the prayers of my pious parents, a legacy far more valuable than the mines of Potosi, or the diamonds of Golconda, were in the treasury of heaven, and the almighty Intercessor was faithful to his trust. I began now in earnest that important inquiry, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Horrors beset me; years of multiplied and aggravated transgressions, against

a long-suffering and patient God, unrolled their dark catalogue to my affrighted eyes. Was there no hope? No pardon? Was there none to stand between me and avenging justice? Must the curse of sin fall on my own soul? The burden was greater than I could bear. I exclaimed—‘Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?’—‘Yes, there is a redeemer;’ they told me, ‘there is a *man* whom God hath created to bear our iniquities, to heal our diseases, to restore us to his favour, to be our exemplar for action, to be our resurrection and our life.’—‘Oh, cruel mockery!’ I cried; ‘if human nature alone could make atonement, we might suffer ourselves; and we do suffer; but our sufferings, though often the consequences of our sins, cannot atone for them.’

“This, Justin, was the language of an awakened sinner, seeking a Saviour;—a creature saviour does not satisfy, cannot sustain the burden of God’s wrath against sin—cannot sustain the curse of sin for the whole human race—cannot be a voluntary offering to redeem. Was there such a Saviour as we need? I consulted the Bible as the



word of life, with a prayerful, sincere, and candid heart, and I did indeed find such a Saviour there. I found that he was the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of it; for as its Creator it begins with him, and the Testament ends with imploring his grace on all. I found that he was my creator, preserver, redeemer, the upholder of all things, the judge of all the earth, the commander of legions of angels, the breather of the Holy Spirit upon his disciples, omnipresent, almighty, the fellow, or equal of the Eternal, worshipped in heaven and on earth, promised after the fall, foretold by the prophets, 'to whom bear all the prophets witness'—and 'in fulness of time God sent his own Son,'—and my heart with the apostle said, 'to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever, Amen!' The day-spring from on high visited my soul, and so illuminated were the pages of the whole Bible to my opened eyes, with the glory of the godhead of the Son, that it appeared to me that those who wished to deny it, must not only mutilate and efface, but must utterly destroy the Bible to effect their purpose. The eclipse must be total,

for one ray of the glorious emerging sun, proves it to be the orb of day. A glance from that eye which looked on Peter, penetrated to my soul, and dissolved it in tears of penitence, at having so long denied him. Self-abasement was sweet to me, for with it came such views of his immeasurable love, as overcame my whole heart, and made me feel that they love much who are forgiven much; nor was the sweet sense of his forgiveness long withheld. I felt that my ransom was paid; I prayed henceforth to live unto him who died for me.

“ My morality had now sublimer views, for I wished to prove the sincerity of my love to Him, by observing all his holy precepts. My benevolence had sublimer motives—no longer the praise of men, nor even the gratification of my own feelings in relieving others; were regarded; I wished to do all for his sake who died for me, and who commanded me to love others as he had loved me. As it respected the dignity of human nature, which myself and my former associates so often proudly talked of, my Bible shewed me its depravity, and that all,

‘ ————From the first-born Cain,  
To him that did but yesterday suspire,’

were born in sin, and that in Christ all must be, if ever, renewed. I not only read it in the Bible, but I read it in every observation on mankind. I read it in every page of ancient and modern history; I read it in the printed records of every day—I read it in the characters of the best and purest of our species—in infants, even before the dawn of reason, I saw the rebellious will, and oh, how deeply and impressively did I read it in my own heart! Even the lives of the holiest and best of men, I found were an incessant warfare with this imbosomed foe—‘ Oh, wretched man! who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?’ We do indeed sometimes see in man, even in his unrenowned state, some remains of the grandeur and beauty of the original edifice; but it is nevertheless crumbling into ruin; every pillar totters to its fall—for it is decayed at the foundation. It must be built on a new foundation to give it strength and durability—the corner stone must be Christ—‘ other foundation can no man lay.’ Are not our passions, our ambition, our affections, all perverted? are we not prone to all evil?

averse to all good? do we not seek with ar-  
 dour things of no value, and which perish  
 in the using, and slight the everlasting in-  
 terests of our souls? But I fear to exhaust  
 my strength and tire you—I will not there-  
 fore dwell longer on this subject, but hasten  
 through my story.

“I was soon after visited with acute pain,  
 which I suffered for many years, and to  
 which extreme helplessness succeeded. In  
 my days of health and prosperity, I have  
 doubtless excited envy, and probably in my  
 days of solitary suffering, many kind hearts  
 have been disposed to pity me. Which  
 part of my life do you suppose, Justina, has  
 been the happiest?” • •

“That part, sir,” replied she, “in which  
 you have felt most the presence and love of  
 your God and Saviour.”

“You are right,” cried he, with a voice  
 agitated with fervour—“he has been my  
 joy in sorrow, my light in darkness, my  
 peace in storms, my strength in weakness,  
 my company in solitude, my health in sick-  
 ness, my life in death, my all and in all. I  
 have experienced more of true enjoyment  
 in many of my hours of severe bodily pain,  
 when I have felt his support and smile, than

in my most rapturous days of youthful or intellectual gratification, when I lived without God in the world. The more I felt the emptiness of earthly enjoyments, the more has my heart been elevated with views of heavenly ones. Death, which is very near, I contemplate with joy; I view it as the kind messenger which is to convey me to my Saviour, where I shall see him face to face, know him as I am known, and behold him encircled with the glory which he had with the Father before the world was." He paused awhile, and then continued—"I have, Justina, one most interesting object yet on earth—it is my nephew; I see much in him that resembles my own character; he too will enter life the spoiled child of prosperity; he will have every means of earthly gratification, and he has never known self-denial nor contradiction; my heart aches for him, lest his fate too may resemble mine. I have often thought that if Justina had been early mine, she would have attended my path like an earthly guardian angel, and have saved me from sin and error. My nephew will love you, for you are another Justina. Will you relieve me

of all anxiety for his fate, by promising me to marry him if he requests it?"

Justina was not a little disconcerted at so abrupt and unexpected a question; but composing her thoughts, she gently answered—"I cannot indeed, sir, make such a promise."

"Will you not," said he, looking most earnestly and entreatingly in her face, "bless the last hours of a dying man with this promise?"

"I dare not," said she, "bind myself by a promise so sacred, for it is possible that your nephew might make the request you speak of, and yet such an union might be misery to us both." • • •

"I cannot see how it could be so," said he; "but I will not urge you; you know my wish, at least, and should such an union ever take place, remember that it will give me joy even in heaven." He remained silent for some time, and then said—"I would fain ask of you one other promise, which cannot certainly materially affect your happiness."

• "What is it, sir?"

He said—"Until six months after my life has expired, do not refuse my nephew,

or give him any reason to think that you will refuse him."

"I would rather not, sir, make such a promise."

"You would rather not! but oh! for my sake, to cheer my last days on earth, make it."

He looked so pale, so mournfully and beseechingly, that Justina could not withstand his pathetic appeal, and said—"I do make it, sir."

He joyfully replied—"Well! remember it must not be broken: there is pen and paper, write it down, that you may remember it."

She obeyed him, and wrote it—"What have you written? read it."

"I promise Mr. Cavendish not to refuse the hand of his nephew, or give him any reason to suppose I will refuse it, until six months after the death of Mr. Cavendish."

"It is right, dear girl!" said he; "now promise me also, that you will live with Mrs. Hastings until these six months have elapsed."

Justina paused to reflect on the possible effect that such a promise might produce; but during her wavering, he looked so anx-

iously and imploringly, that she said—"I do promise, that if she lives, and I live, and she will let me stay with her, I will remain for that length of time."

"Write it down," said he. She obeyed. He paused awhile, and said—"One more promise will I require, and I have done." She looked terrified. "Be not alarmed," said he, "it is only that until these six months are past, you will tell no one of these promises you have made me."

Justina reflected for a moment on the possible consequences, but he urged her with so much agitation, that she almost feared for his life in refusing, and she promised also to fulfil this, and, at his request, wrote it down with the others.

"Now, my dear girl, you may go," said he; "Heaven will bless you for all your kindness to me. Justina was not granted to me to bless me through my erring life, but Heaven in mercy has sent another Justina to sooth my closing days. Do not be uneasy about your promises to me—at the end of six months you know their obligation will cease, and you can then act as you please."



Justina then left the old gentleman, and called Mrs. Hastings to stay with him. She went to her own room, and reflecting on the engagements she had just been making, began to repent of her haste in committing herself to such extent, on a subject of so serious and delicate a nature. She dared not, however, ask Mr. Cavendish to release her, and therefore made up her mind faithfully to fulfil all that she had promised. Ferdinand too might stay in Europe till the limited period was past, or his heart might become preoccupied, so that, after all, she might never be exposed to his importunities. With these considerations she endeavoured to dismiss all uneasy thoughts on the subject.

## CHAPTER XIV.

————— Who disown their Lord  
On earth, will be disown'd in heaven.

MILMAN.

THE next morning Justina was going in to see Mr. Cavendish, but was prevented by

Mrs. Hastings, who told her that the clergyman and another gentleman were with him, and that he wished no one to enter.—“Do you know,” added she, “that I believe Mr. Cavendish destroyed his will last night, and drew up another.”

“Why do you think so?” said Justina, secretly alarmed.

“Because,” replied Mrs. Hastings, he ordered the table to be placed before him, with pen and ink, and took a large sheet of paper, and wrote on it, every now and then a little, as his strength would permit, until he had written all he wished; he then took his key, opened his secretary, locked the paper up, and burned another roll of paper which he had taken from his desk; and now I suspect that this gentleman and the minister have been sent for to sign their names as witnesses.”

Justina thought it was probable, but made no remark, though secretly she felt much uneasiness at the circumstance, fearing that it might, somehow or other, be connected with the promises she had made the preceding evening.

In the afternoon she saw Mr. Cavendish; he was very low, not disposed to talk, but

appeared desirous of her presence.—“I have but a little longer,” said he, “to remain on earth; stay near me, and be with me as much as you can.”

She sat with him all the rest of the day. He scarcely spoke, but looked at her frequently with a smile of peace. Once he said—“I feel as if I had nothing more to wish for on earth, except that my heavenly Father would grant me the favour of seeing Ferdinand once more; but his will be done. From the time that has elapsed since his supposed embarkation, he must shortly be home. Oh that it were the will of Heaven that I might once more see him!”

At the request of Mrs. Hastings, Justina had a cot brought for herself into the room, where she intended to pass the night, for she apprehended Mr. Caverdish was near his end.

During the night he was very restless, and seemed to suffer much. Justina rose to look at him; his countenance expressed great mental agony; all its tranquillity was gone; he clasped his hands, moved his lips, and appeared in earnest prayer, of which broken sentences escaped him. He continued thus the whole night; they imagined

at times that he was dying; towards the morning he sank into a composed slumber. On his awaking he took some refreshment, and appeared much revived. Seeing Justina near him, he said—"Dear Justina, my last night was an oppressive one."

"You were, indeed," said she, "unusually disturbed."

"It is the last night I shall know of sorrow," said he. "The enemy of mankind was endeavouring to overcome me:—he poured into my soul all the arguments of that baneful creed, of which I was once a proselyte; but the conflict is over, and all is peace. 'He who hath loved his own, will love them to the end.'

"Oh, Justina! I fear the stream of infidelity is winding its insidious course along the foundation of the church, and is threatening to undermine the corner stone, which God himself hath laid. That baneful creed, which dethrones the Saviour, robs him of his divine sonship, is increasing with awful rapidity; they gloss it over with every specious name, which the babblings of science, falsely so called, can invent; they taint the streams of instruction with its poison; they call it refinement, enlightening, the result of

examination; they endeavour to explain away the irresistible meaning of the Bible, or efface and alter it to their purpose. The sublimest of heavenly doctrines, 'God manifest in the flesh'—the result of the wisdom, and power, and love of God, is to them foolishness. Believe an experienced man, whom they have pierced with many sorrows, when he tells you that association with them is dangerous. Does not every crime and error, by frequent association, lose its power to alarm? 'Lead us not into temptation,' is the prayer our Lord himself hath taught us. But when we voluntarily seek temptation, have we a right to expect his support in the trial?—and left to our own strength, if we do not fall, we may yet be wounded deeply. Without the hope of doing them good, shun all who embrace a false doctrine, for they may do you harm. Those who have received Christ in faith, have little to fear from their arguments; for they are too opposite to the Bible not to be easily confuted. But the young, whose principles are not yet fixed, and those who are too careless to examine for themselves, would do well not to approach the sphere of danger. They would tremble to breathe

an atmosphere infected with deadly plague; and is the health of the immortal soul less precious than the health of the body, which must perish?"

"But, my dear sir," said Justina—"would not shunning all association with them appear like bigotry; and you know they already accuse us of that, and boast of their own more temperate feelings?"

"Can they call," replied he, "the bitterness with which they misrepresent all our doctrines *temperate feelings*? But their feelings ought to be less warm than ours. We rob them of nothing but what we would willingly renounce for ourselves; that natural pride, which opposes itself to the reception of the free grace of God; and in enlightening, we would give them all; we would give them a Saviour, and they want to take from us our God—they would dethrone the object of our love and worship, and destroy the anchor of our hopes.

'On such a theme 'twere impious to be calm:  
Passion is reason; transport, temper here.'

"As it respects their reproach of bigotry, the primitive Christians gave up all for Christ, and why may not you? They with-

stood poverty, tortures, and death, and cannot you endure a sneer? cannot you bear the scorn of hearts imbittered by sin, yet too proud to feel or own its power?—The whole have no need of a physician; but you, I trust, feel that you have need of a divine one. Recollect the fashion of this world passes away, and that your soul is immortal—their religion, at least they who deny the atonement, make no provision for the soul's salvation. Quit not your Saviour until you find one more almighty than the only begotten Son of the Eternal; and should clouds and darkness, raised by their sophistry, assail your peace, take your Bible, the Bible of your fathers—not an effaced or mutilated one; and, as you open it, pray with a sincere and fervent heart for the light of truth. Many are the promises annexed thereto. 'Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened.' 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.' Sweet is the promise to those who seek him in youth. 'They that seek me early shall find me.' Seek Him then in youth. Oh that all would seek Him, even in infancy! You, Justina, have

sought him early, and when you come to this hour, it will be delightful for you to look back on a life spent in his service. For me, oh how I despise my vileness—my grovelling spirit! I devoted my years of health, of youth, of enterprise, of activity, to the service of sin and Satan, and have given to my Lord, my Benefactor, the dregs of my helpless years! How base!—how ungenerous!—and yet he accepts and loves me.”

The tears rolled down the pale cheeks of the old man as he thus reproached himself. When he had a little recovered, Justina said to him—“Some of the sect you speak of believe in an atonement.” “ . . .

“Yes,” he replied, “some of them say they do, but I never found any two of them of exactly the same grade of faith; they will not shock you at first; they will tell you that they believe nearly as you do; if you prove to them the omnipresence of the Son of God, they will tell you that he is so, but that he was created to be so; if you prove to them that he was the creator of all things, ‘that without him nothing was made that was made,’ they will acknowledge it is so, they cannot contradict it; but



then they say he was created to be so, and thus they will allow that he possesses every attribute of Deity, and yet will deny that he is so."

"What then do they say he is?" said Justina.

"They say that though he is not Gód, he is the greatest of all created beings, pre-existent to angels and every creature: but I believe the wisest of them have not yet determined at what point, not of time, for it was before time began, but at what point of eternity the Son of God, 'who thought it not robbery to be equal with God,' commenced his existence in the bosom of his Father." . . .

"Do their preachers explain their doctrine?"

"No," he replied; "the poison is not at first obvious; they preach refined morality in strains of elaborate eloquence: for they have turned from Christianity, like Julian, laden with its spoils, to adorn their own creed. I have heard many of them boast that the tendency of their doctrines could not be discovered in the sermons of their preachers; they fear to shock the ears of their unsophisticated hearers, by advancing

what they know will at first appear to them to be blasphemy; they unfold themselves gradually as they think will best ensnare. Their sermons are characterized more by the want of every thing capable of interesting, than by any thing positively wrong; the scholar will perhaps be struck with well-turned periods, the moralist will hear an essay that will probably tire from its coldness, but in which he perceives no ill. But to the Christian, the absence of all he wants is felt like a craving void; there is nothing to direct the seeking, or to comfort the sick soul—the natural result of embarking with them, is to be tossed about from wave to wave of turbid doubt, and at length, unless arrested by powerful grace, to be landed on the bleak and cheerless shores of infidelity. Oh! ye men of genius, to whom Christ has not been ‘manifest as he is not to the world,’ the fields of worldly fame, science, and literature, are wide before you—gather all the laurels their conquest can yield—but oh! for the sake of the deathless human soul, which the Son of God valued so highly, become not ministers; meddle not with the gospel;—if ye do not yourselves believe, ye are certainly not called to

preach. Ye have no commission from Christ. He has not said to you, 'go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;' he has not said to you, 'feed my lambs.' If you still 'retain an evil heart of unbelief,' why do you teach as truths, the fluctuating doubts of your own clouded understandings? 'Let not the blind lead the blind'—meddle not with the deep things of God—'to them that believe he is precious,' he is not precious to you—'he is the Saviour of sinners'—you feel not your sin, and want him not—'he is the end of the law, he is the imputed righteousness' to those who feel that their own are but 'filthy rags.' You are satisfied with your own vestments, and think you can yourselves fulfil the law. You cannot preach as the apostles did, 'the commandments of God our Saviour!' nor teach them 'to adorn the doctrines of God our Saviour.' 'Ye are' not 'made overseers to feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood,' for he is not your God—you acknowledge him not as such. Oh, for your own sakes, have not the souls of others to answer for! When

the great Shepherd shall appear, awful and pathetic, will be your interview with those whom your sophistry has misled; and to how many hungry and inquiring souls do you shut up the book of life by your mutilations, effacings, and false explanations! have you not read, ‘if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city. and from the things which are written in this book.’ Oh, beware!—Saviour, have mercy on them, and let thy prayer be again heard, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!’”

## CHAPTER XV.

Hail, visions celestial! and thou divine Source  
 Of life, hope, and glory. If e'er in my course,  
 Thy grace hath reliev'd and exalted my heart,  
 Now let me in peace and in triumph depart.

'Tis done!—Lo! they come—bright celestials descend,  
 Saints, angels, and seraphs, their symphonies blend,  
 The spheres are all vocal—the raptures draw near;  
 Immortal vibrations re-ound on mine ear.

BLAIR—*an American.*

MR. Cavendish remained silent for nearly an hour, he then resumed the discourse in which his heart was so much engaged.—“The sect I speak of make a great deal of that text, ‘my Father is greater than I.’ Our God, veiled in humanity, became subject to his father—obedient even unto death—‘became like us, sin only excepted’—‘he took on him the likeness of sinful flesh’—subject to human wants, feelingly alive to all human suffering both in body and in soul. It was the plan devised by the wisdom and love of God—it was indeed ‘the love of Christ which passeth knowledge’—

it was the only way in which the Mediator of the two covenants could reconcile the awful distance between a holy Being, whose pure eyes cannot look upon iniquity but with abhorrence, and a being whose first breath is sin; and shall we think less of our Redeemer for becoming man, when in no other way could human nature ever reach heaven? shall we repay his immeasurable love, by measuring out to him the poor homage due to a creature?—it was in his state of humiliation alone, that he was inferior to his Father, and that state is now no more. He is now at the right hand of his Father, still retaining his ascended human form. There Stephen saw him when the heavens opened; but he is still present to the heart of every believer—‘lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world;’ he still upholds and governs the worlds which he has made. Is omnipresence the attribute of a creature? it is beyond a creature’s powers of conception.

“He is to judge the world; myriads and myriads of beings are to receive their doom from him, ‘when the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all his holy angels with him, and he shall sit upon the throne of

his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats ;' and again, ' the dead, small and great, shall stand before God.' Frequently through the Bible, God and Christ are mentioned together, and often, as it were, blended : and as he is our God on earth, so he is to be our God through all eternity. While the glories of the invisible God pervade the heavens, and his spirit fills every heart with fervent love and bliss unutterable, Jesus will be our visible God—we shall see him face to face—we shall know him even as we are known. We shall not then fear of loving him too much, or adoring him beyond his right. ' The fulness of the Godhead bodily,' ' the express image of his Father,' ' God manifest in the flesh,' will not then be loved or worshipped the less for his humanity." Mr. Cavendish here stopped ; the sentiments which exalted his soul, exhausted his frame ; he soon after said—" Oh, this poor body ! but its encumbering mass will not now long detain the unfettered spirit." He remained silent for an hour, becoming weaker and weaker, and was evidently drawing near his end ; he ap-

peared free from all pain of body, and a smile, as of heaven opening to his view, rested on his face. Broken and inarticulate sentences sometimes escaped him. Justina, seated at his bedside, gazed on him with feelings of intense interest, and listened with her whole soul, to every word he breathed. "Oh! bid them cease from building the Babel of their own works, as the means of reaching heaven; teach them the true way. 'Thou art the way, the truth, and the life.' Justina saw that his soul, even in his last prayers on earth, was engaged with fervour for his former associates. Once his eyes rested with an affectionate expression on Justina, and he said to her—"I shall soon see in heaven one that resembles you." He then became silent, and breathed heavily. Mrs. Hastings approached near to him, and looked at Justina, intimating to her that his change was near. He spoke again.—"Is this the dark valley I have feared so much? the Jordan I have dreaded to pass?—all is peace, for thou, my Saviour, art with me!" He again was silent for a long while, but the varied expression of his raised eyes, proved that his thoughts were busy. He



spoke at times without being understood, but he at length breathed forth audibly—  
“ At the last great day, without any righteousness but my own to plead, what a helpless, hopeless wretch should I appear ! but I hope to appear clothed in his righteousness, justified by his obedience, washed into innocence by his blood, and to enter on the promised inheritance which he hath purchased for his redeemed ones ; should this trust be all delusion, and I find myself condemned by unsatisfied justice, not only for all my other crimes, but also condemned for worshipping and looking for salvation to a being who is not God, the trembling sinner can plead for this idolatry an excuse, and say, condemn me not for this, my father ; the fault was not mine : the book that thou gavest me as my guide told me so ; thy prophets told me so ; the one in whom I trusted, he himself said so—‘ have I been so long with thee, Philip, and dost thou not know me ?’ his evangelists told me so, and they said that thou didst thyself proclaim it from heaven ; his apostles told me so ; they called him their God and Saviour ; my best earthly instructors told me so ; and many of my dying friends have given their

testimony, and have gone in peace, trusting their souls, like Stephen, into the hands of Christ as their Lord; the glorious worlds which he made told me: they proclaimed, 'the hand that made us is divine;' my own sins told me so; I felt that I needed a Saviour mighty to save; wilt thou condemn me, my father, for believing thine own word? taught by such authority, could I do less than believe? But this will never be. If I am condemned, it will be for want of faith in this adorable, almighty Redeemer; for want of making his life my guide, his righteousness my trust; for loving him so little, for serving him no better. But I shall not be condemned; I know in whom I trust! He is my advocate, my sacrifice, my all!" Again he was silent; his respiration became shorter; the awful moment had visibly arrived; from his fading eyes the departing soul was withdrawing its beams, when a commotion was heard in the hall—the soul stayed its flight and lingered, and the nearly-lifeless lips moved to speak once more—"Ferdinand is come, let him enter;" he was obeyed; his dim eyes sought his nephew; he motioned to embrace him. The young

man bent down, and his uncle breathed his last upon his bosom.

## CHAPTER XVI.

~~~~~

Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will

Teach rectitude.

YOUNG.

JUSTINA went to her own room, overpowered with the scene she had witnessed; she had been so near the world of spirits in accompanying Mr. Cavendish in his journey thither, that she felt as if she had nothing further to do below. She told Mrs. Hastings to apply to her for any services she could render; but none being required, she remained in her own room. Ellen brought her some tea, and told her that Mrs. and Miss Mortimer were below with young Mr. Cavendish, who was greatly affected at his uncle's death.

Justina wished not to intrude on them, and being herself indisposed for society, continued in her room until morning, uninterrupted, except by a short visit from

Miss Rushbrook, who, finding her indisposed for society, soon left her. Next morning, on going down to breakfast, she found Mrs. Mortimer and Charlotte there, who had staid all night with young Cavendish: he bowed on Justina's entrance, but did not speak; traces of the deepest grief were on his countenance. He talked during breakfast with his mother and sister, and made many inquiries of Mrs. Hastings; he regretted bitterly that he had not returned sooner, though he added that he had bent his course homewards immediately on the receipt of his uncle's last letter.

Mrs. Hastings tried to console him, by telling him "that he had obeyed his uncle, in staying abroad until he was recalled, for he wished him to enjoy every means of improvement which travelling could give; that his uncle had had his fervent wish gratified in seeing him once more, and that he ought to be thankful that he had arrived in time to receive his embrace."

Ferdinand was overcome at the remembrance of the scene, and of all his uncle's affection for him during his life, and bursting into tears, left the room, to give vent to a sensibility he could not repress.

Justina then found from the conversation of the ladies, that the will was to be read at eleven o'clock, for it was possible there might be orders respecting interment, which would require time to prepare for, or to observe. Justina sought again the solitude of her own room, where she was resolved to stay, until the important perusal was over, as an affair in which she had no interest, though she could not allay a presentiment of dread, that she might be in some way concerned in the subject. At ten o'clock her door was opened by Mrs. Blendon, who affectionately embraced her, and urged her to come and make her home with her, as her eldest daughter; for that she loved her as such, and that her little Julia also loved her dearly. Had it not been for her promise to Mr. Cavendish, it was the home Justina would have wished; but now she was obliged to decline the kind offer, and that too without being able to assign a reason.

Mrs. Blendon sat with her the whole morning, and Justina was engaged in relating to her some of the last hours of Mr. Cavendish, which greatly interested Mrs. Blendon, when Miss Rushbrook entered,

and told Justina that she was wished for below.

Justina's whole frame shook.—“What do they want of me? is the reading of the will over?”

“Yes, they want you to hear it.”

“Does it concern me at all?” said Justina, with increasing terror.

“If you know nothing of its contents,” said Miss Rushbrook, “you must prepare yourself for something that will greatly surprise you, as it has every one else.”

“I know nothing of its contents,” said she: “do tell me what they are before I go in.”

“I have promised I would not,” said Miss Rushbrook; “though I wish you to summon your fortitude to hear something that you may not like; but do not be so much alarmed, there is nothing but what is in your power to rectify.”

They were now on the stairs: Mrs. Blendon felt so much interest in all that concerned Justina, that she returned to her chamber to wait the result.

Justina entered the dining-room with Miss Rushbrook, where were Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, and Mrs. and Miss Mortimer.

Ferdinand was standing leaning against the mantelpiece, but on the entrance of Justina he instantly left the room. The faces of Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter were expressive of rage and disappointment; Justina sat down; all were silent. Mrs. Mortimer at length said—"Miss Melross, we have sent for you to hear the *very late* will of Mr. Cavendish.—Miss Rushbrook, will you read it?"

"Excuse me, madam."

"Mr. Hastings, will you be so obliging?" said Mrs. Mortimer.

Mr. Hastings took it from the table. After the usual preliminaries, some legacies to servants, and to benevolent institutions, in which Mr. Cavendish had been interested, five thousand dollars were bequeathed to Mrs. Hastings, five thousand dollars to Mrs. Mortimer, and the same to her daughter; the residue of the estate, about four hundred thousand dollars, was left jointly to his nephew Ferdinand Cavendish and Justina Melross, on condition that they were united in marriage within a year after the decease of the testator. In case of the refusal of the said Ferdinand Cavendish to fulfil this condition, the estate devolved

to Justina Melross; and, in case of her refusing to fulfil it, the estate devolved to Ferdinand Cavendish. Two thousand dollars were left to each of the parties, Ferdinand Cavendish and Justina Melross, unrestricted; but it was required of Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter, his nephew and Miss Melross, that they should reside together until six months after the death of Mr. Cavendish; the household expences to be paid from the estate; and all this to be complied with under the penalty of forfeiting their legacies.

All eyes, during the reading of the will, had been fixed on Justina; her face had become of an ashy paleness, and at the conclusion, she with difficulty suppressed a groan of anguish, as she said—"Oh, what a will!"

"You may well say that," said Mrs. Mortimer; "but you, at least, have no reason to complain. However, if you did not dictate it, you are perhaps as disappointed as poor Ferdinand is, who expected to have come into possession of his estate unencumbered with conditions."

"Miss Melross knew nothing of the pur-



port of the will, I am certain she did not said Miss Rushbrook.

“If I know any thing of the mind of Miss Melross,” said Mrs. Hastings, “she will not hold Mr. Cavendish bound a moment by such a will.”

“She can easily prove that its terms are not according to her wishes, by restoring to Ferdinand his lawful estate and his independence,” said Mrs. Mortimer, with a countenance somewhat relaxing from its severity.

Miss Rushbrook ran to support her friend — “What ails you, dear Justina?” said she.

“Go with me to my own room.”

Miss Rushbrook accompanied her to her chamber, where Justina, throwing herself on her bed, wept aloud. Mrs. Blendon, who was still there, inquired most earnestly the cause of her distress.

“Tell her the will,” said Justina to Miss Rushbrook.

Miss Rushbrook related to her its contents.

“It is a very singular will, and not a wise one, I think,” said Mrs. Blendon; “but why it should affect Justina thus, I cannot divine; it does not bind her in any way. — Are you disappointed in it, my dear friend?”

“Did you expect a large legacy, unconditional?”

“I had no desire or expectation of any thing, madam, from the will of Mr. Cavendish,” said Justina.

“Well then, my dear girl,” said Mrs. Blendon, “your course is very clear; commission Miss Rushbrook to go down stairs, and in your name resign all claim, both to the estate and to the nephew of Mr. Cavendish, and come home with me, and share a competence, sweetened with friendship and heaven’s blessing—what do you say?”

Justina answered only with an increasing flow of tears.

“Ought she not to do it, Miss Rushbrook?” continued Mrs. Blendon, surprised at her sorrow and reluctance.

“It is what I should expect from the magnanimous spirit of Miss Melross,” said Miss Rushbrook.

“I cannot do it,” said Justina, with firmness.

“What!” returned Miss Rushbrook, in amazement, “do you intend to hold Ferdinand Cavendish bound by the will of his uncle?”

“I cannot release him,” said Justina.

“ Have you promised the old gentleman to marry his nephew ? ”

“ I have not.”

“ I don’t know what to make of you,” said Miss Rushbrook ; “ but one thing I know, which is, that you will not have a very pleasant time of it ; and do you mean also to live with Mrs. Hastings for the next six months ? ”

“ I shall stay with her the time prescribed by the will.”

Miss Rushbrook smiled, and said—“ I predict then, that you will be a happy family,” and soon after left her.

When she was gone, Mrs. Blendon again proposed her plan ; but Justina stopped her, with saying—“ Urge me no further on this subject, my dear friend ; your home would be happiness to me ; but, in the present state of things, I cannot agree to your plan ; do not esteem me the less for it ; I act from what to me appears to be my duty.”

Mrs. Blendon urged her no further, and soon after left her.

Miss Rushbrook, on leaving Justina, was going home ; for, disappointed in the result of her interview with her, she had no wish to communicate it to the family below ; but

she met Charlotte in the hall, who insisted on her returning into the dining-room. Ferdinand was also there with his mother.

Mrs. Mortimer directly inquired what Justina said.

"About what?" said Miss Rushbrook.

"About the will; you surely know very well what I mean," said Mrs. Mortimer.

"She has seen Mr. Cavendish," said Miss Rushbrook, "and makes no objections to his appearance; but I believe she wishes to become better acquainted with him, before she entirely accepts him."

"She believes then that I am at her disposal?" said Ferdinand.

"To be sure she does; and are you not, pray?"

"Now do tell the truth," said Mrs. Hastings; "has she not decidedly and unequivocally refused Mr. Cavendish? I am sure she has."

"The truth!" said Miss Rushbrook; "do you mean to affront me? and would it not be very unreasonable and uncivil in a lady to refuse a gentleman before he has asked her, or indeed spoken a word to her?—Besides, who knows but you may induce her to like you?"

"I hope, at least, that she will not insist on marrying me against my will," said Ferdinand.

"She knows nothing about your will," said Miss Rushbrook; "but I believe she intends to abide by the will of your uncle."

"I shall not," replied he, "marry any woman I neither esteem nor love, even if poverty is the alternative."

"Oh, do not reject her, brother!" said Charlotte; "that is just what she will be pleased with, for she will have all this great fortune to herself, and I cannot endure such a thought."

"She would certainly be a great belle," said Miss Rushbrook, "with all her beauty and accomplishments, and so large a fortune besides: you had better not refuse her yet, Mr. Cavendish, until you become better acquainted with her, and then I am sure you will consider her the richest part of your uncle's legacy."

"She is no such thing," said Mrs. Mortimer—"she is an artful, designing girl; but I would marry her, if I were Ferdinand, if I locked her up afterward, and fed her on bread and water."

"A pleasing matrimonial prospect," said

Miss Rushbrook, as she went out of the door.

Justina, when summoned to dinner, would have given much to have avoided going, but knew not how to decline. They were at table when she entered, but none welcomed her approach; she sat down on the chair which had been placed for her, and received from Mrs. Hastings her plate of viands; the rest neither spoke to her nor looked at her, except that Ferdinand now and then cast a stolen glance, with no incurious eye, at one in whose company, under present circumstances, he could not feel indifferent.

Her face was mournfully pale, her eyes swollen with tears, and the late, sleepless nights she had undergone had robbed her countenance of all its animated beauty; besides, she felt herself labouring under the contempt of the whole family, and she knew that that contempt was warranted by appearances. She endeavoured to call to her aid that internal support which conscious innocence seldom fails to impart; but, in spite of every thought she could summon, she could only feel like guilt in the presence of those whom it injures. Her eyes once met those of Ferdinand, and sunk before their scornful and contemptuous expression.

The family conversed together as if such a being was not present.

She left the table as soon as she could do so with any propriety.

Ferdinand once or twice felt inclined to pity her, for he had a heart susceptible of generous feelings; but he viewed her with most prejudiced eyes, as a selfish, artful girl, who had marred all his fortunes, and who only gave him the choice of poverty or of fetters equally insupportable—he despised her for being able to endure the scorn they treated her with—“If her situation is painful,” thought he, “she has the power to end it when she pleases; and if she has so little sensibility as not to care how we treat her, I can only tell her, that she will have enough to bear; and if she accepts me, why, she will be, I think, the first woman that ever accepted such a lover.” Yet the extreme grief which her countenance betrayed, did not permit him to believe her devoid of sensibility.

“Well,” said Justina, when she was alone “I am for six months to live with these proud Mortimers, and this most insolent young man; how erring a thing is human wisdom! Mr. Cavendish, no doubt,

by the provisions of his will, meant the happiness of us all, and fancied that a six months' residence together would have endeared us to each other, and that he had contrived an infallible plan for uniting his nephew and myself; he forgot that the human heart revolts against all compulsion in the exercise of its affections; their action must be voluntary, and Ferdinand will be far less likely to love me than if he was forbidden to do so, for such is the rebellious perversity of the heart. Mr. Cavendish has appointed this house as the place of residence for Mrs. Mortimer and her daughters, to prevent the impropriety of my dwelling with Ferdinand; and Mrs. Hastings is to continue here with us, in order to obviate any difficulty as to who should act as the head of the house. My accommodation has been well studied by him, and I shall ever remember, with gratitude, the kind and generous heart, who loved and esteemed me so much, as to bequeath to my care, what he valued most on earth, the happiness of his nephew. Well, all will yet be right; only six months have I to wait, and justice will be done to my motives. I can then give to Ferdinand the free and unen-



cumbered possession of his estate, and can explain, to those who now deem me destitute of common generosity, the motives that have withheld me from acting as they judge I ought to do."

In this manner Justina reasoned, and endeavoured to comfort herself, under the daily scorn with which she was treated; yet still she felt it deeply.

## CHAPTER XVII.

~~~~~

I gaze amid the stars,  
And think that thou art there,  
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.

SOPHIE.

THE day of the interment of Mr. Cavendish was to Justina one of solemn reflection; her imagination pursued his spirit to the skies, where he had entered on his anticipated blessedness; she mourned not therefore for him—"A few more fleeting years," she cried, "and I shall meet with him there. I will not, therefore, complain of my trials on earth, which will so soon pass

away; let me only bear them as becomes a servant of my Divine Master."

Her trials of temper occurred daily, for at every meal she had to encounter some marks of scorn or malicious insult, which sometimes blazed into passion, on the part of Charlotte and her mother, who had now taken up their residence with Mrs. Hastings.

To Justina they never indeed spoke, but it was evident that they wished her to hear their sentiments. They occasionally launched forth into the bitterest accusations against old Mr. Cavendish.—“He should have put his nephew to some profession or trade, in which he could have procured his own living, and not have brought him up in the indulgence of every gratification which wealth could purchase, and then disinherit him, or subject him to the disagreeable alternative of connecting himself with one who was not fit for the society to which he and they belonged.”

Such, and similar sentiments, she heard at every meal. Ferdinand was often present. He did not join in their reproaches. Indeed, he even at times, when they were most violent, appeared to be displeased at them. But his silent contempt Justina

felt more keenly than these malignant reproaches, to which she felt superior. He never spoke to her, and even no longer looked at her. When she crossed his way, as once or twice occurred, he stepped aside until she had passed, not with the complacent air of politeness, but as one would permit any indifferent animal to go by.

Those attentions which civilized man, in the proud consciousness of his own superiority, delights to pay to that sex he feels himself bound to protect and cherish, were totally omitted.

Justina would scarcely have noticed this neglect, had she not observed its striking contrast, in the courtly elegance of his manners to all the other ladies; indeed it seemed to require of him an effort to depart from the natural gallantry of his manners, in order to treat her as he did, which made her sensible of the utter contempt and abhorrence in which he held her, to be able to act thus against the current of his nature. Her stay at table was in consequence very short, and at no other time did she seek their presence. She always repaired to the dining-room expecting insult, and arming herself to bear it, and returned to her cham-

be to weep and pour out her heart to God in prayer. She still spent part of her mornings in the society of Mrs. Hastings, whom she continued to assist in her household cares, sometimes sewing for her, and not seldom preparing the dessert for the table.

One day at dinner, Ferdinand was eating a pudding, which he declared was the most delicious he had ever tasted—"It was," he said, "the perfection of pudding," and asked who had made it. Truth obliged Mrs. Hastings to answer—"Miss McCross." His raptures and praises directly ceased—he ate no more of it, but called to have his plate changed. It was but a trifle, yet it affected Justina much, and she could not help feeling irritated at the pleasure the Mortimers evinced on the occasion.—"It is no matter," said she to herself, when she retired: "what a fool I am to be vexed with such nonsense! I am innocent of all they suspect, and in a few months they will acknowledge it; the treatment of Mr. Cavendish offends my pride and hurts my feelings, it is true, but I do not want him to love me—it is better even that he should despise than bestow his affections on me, which I could never

return. Let me always rather receive than inflict pain."

Justina now arranged her employments so as to produce for herself as much happiness as was practicable; she knew the truth of an observation made by an amiable author, "that occupation was the second grand secret of happiness." She rose early, and as she still had access to Mr. Cavendish's large library, she devoted many hours to her favourite occupation. Soon after breakfast she took a daily walk to Mrs. Blendon's, and her heart was always cheered and fortified by her pious conversation. She always devoted an hour to the instruction of Julia, heard her say her lessons, and explained them, and marked out more for her to learn against the following day. This was a business she peculiarly delighted in: to listen to the remarks, and watch the unfolding intellect of children, had always been interesting to her; she then not unfrequently prolonged her walk, with Julia for her companion, whose behaviour bespoke the warmest affection. She had already formed her plan, that after these irksome six months were over, Mrs. Blendon's house should be her home, and Julia her pupil. After din-

ner Justina generally sat down to her needle—she either sewed for Mrs. Hastings or herself, or else, as was often the case, Mrs. Blendon's servant brought parcels of work for her, consisting of clothes for the poor, whom she and Mrs. Blendon had sought out, and found to be deserving. In the afternoon she was almost always exhilarated by the society of Miss Rushbrook, who brought her work, and unless prevented, staid with her until the time to dress for tea, when she ran home, or else went down with Justina to drink tea with Mrs. Hastings; she also always brought her every new literary production, which they read and discussed together. But notwithstanding all these resources for happiness, Justina felt her cheerfulness vanish, and her spirits sink; she could bear scorn and rudeness without retort, or cherishing resentment, but she could not brave it with indifference or apathy; and so repeated were her trials of it every day, that her heart was constantly agitated and wounded.

Three weeks had thus elapsed without any change in their deportment to her, when Miss Rushbrook, having observed her sadness and paleness of countenance,

said to her—" Well, Justina, if you can tolerate all this, it is more than I can, or will. Why do you not rouse your spirit, and insist on better treatment? Tell Mr. Cavendish that you will not submit to it any longer. Have you ever spoken to him on the subject?"

" I have never spoken to him at all, nor he to me," said Justina.

" Well, it is time that you should; you will never get acquainted with each other at this rate."

" He has no wish to be acquainted with me," said Justina; " he seems to dislike and despise me."

" All things considered," said Miss Rushbrook, " you must forgive him *that*; he judges of your character from that imp of ill-nature, his sister Charlotte, and his mother, who is no better."

" I can excuse them all," said Justina; " they no doubt believe that they have good reason for disliking me."

" If you choose to be so good as to excuse them, very well; but it is more than I will do; for I intend to have a deadly quarrel with them before I will witness it any longer."

“Oh! my dear girl,” said Justina, “for my sake do not.”

“Your sake shall have nothing to do with it,” said she; “I shall do it for my own; as for you, why you do not take the four hundred thousand dollars and fling them in Ferdinand’s face, is more than I can comprehend. But don’t look so distressed—I have done inquiring about *that*, you know.”

When they were summoned to tea, Miss Rushbrook went down with Justina; the family were there; on her entrance, Ferdinand bowed to Miss Rushbrook, and handed her a chair; Justina was going quietly to seat herself, when Miss Rushbrook took her by the hand, and said—“Allow me the pleasure, Miss Melross, of introducing you to Mr. Cavendish.”

Ferdinand bowed without looking at Justina.

“In which of the courts of Europe, Mr. Cavendish,” said Miss Rushbrook, “is it the fashion not to look at the person to whom you are introduced?”

Ferdinand gave no reply to this, but spoke to Miss Rushbrook on some other subject. Justina dreaded what Miss Rush-



brook next might say, and gave her such an imploring look, that she could not withstand it, and desisted from saying any thing farther. A great deal of conversation ensued between Miss Rushbrook and the rest, but towards Justina they still preserved the same appearance of total disregard. She rose to go, as usual, after drinking her tea, when Miss Rushbrook said—"Sit still, Justina; why must you always hoist me up two pair of stairs directly after tea? let us sit and enjoy this good company a little while."

Justina smiled, and sat down by her, which quite enraged the Mortimers. Mrs. Mortimer observed, with a sneer—"Miss Melross always withdraws after her meals; we do not interfere with each other's society."

Justina rose and left the room. Miss Rushbrook, whose temper was as warm as her heart, commanded herself until Justina was gone; when, feeling that if she spoke, her passion might betray her to say something she would afterwards regret, rose to take leave.

"Do not go yet, Miss Rushbrook," said Mrs. Mortimer.

"Excuse me, madam," she replied; "you

have just now observed that Miss Melross and yourselves keep different society; since that is the case, of course I choose to belong to the most worthy, most agreeable, and most genteel."

"Most genteel!" said Charlotte; "surely, with all your partiality, you cannot think that of Miss Melross."

"If gentility consists in elegance of appearance, refined manners, and cultivated understanding, I know of none that can compare with Miss Melross; to say nothing of beauty, I never saw equalled—a parentage superior to your own, and to which also you may add, if you please, the prospect of a very large fortune."

"Which she is to obtain in a way the most ignoble," said Ferdinand.

"Why, that is one of the advantages of your mother and sister's ideas of gentility," said Miss Rushbrook; "no matter how it is obtained, so it is only spent according to the rules of *bon ton*."

"You give your tongue most uncommon license for a young lady brought up in polished society," said Mrs. Mortimer.

"To insult people in their own house too, at this rate," said Charlotte.

“*Your* house, Miss Mortimer !” said Miss Rushbrook ; “ that is news to me ; I consider it as the house of Miss Melross, and as such I frequent it.”

“ Most unheard of insolence !” said Mrs. Mortimer, who (unwilling as she was to offend a lady of Miss Rushbrook’s high standing in society) could not restrain her rage. “ The house of Miss Melross ! she who only entered it three months ago as a domestic, to assist Mrs. Hastings in household work, and who by arts the most mean, so insinuated herself into the affections of an infirm old man, as to ruin his family.”

“ Other people view it in a very different light, madam,” said Miss Rushbrook ; “ Miss Melross came on a visit to Philadelphia ; how much she assisted Mrs. Hastings I know not, but I suppose a great deal, as she is very industrious. Mr. Cavendish, nor no one else, unprejudiced, could know her without loving her ; he thought, from the graces of her mind and heart, and all her estimable qualities, she would make a wife for his nephew, that would exalt his character, and raise him to an eminence in society ; upon this principle his will is founded.”

“But still, how is this her house?” said Charlotte.

“This house is Miss Melross’s,” said Miss Rushbrook, “as the heiress of Mr. Cavendish.”

“The heiress of Mr. Cavendish!” said Ferdinand.

“Certainly, sir; how else can you understand the will? the heiress not only of his fortune, but of his nephew also.”

“Why then are we placed here?” said Mrs. Mortimer.

“Because,” said Miss Rushbrook, “Mr. Cavendish wished, no doubt, not only to prevent all impropriety of Miss Melross’s living in the same house with young Mr. Cavendish, but also that your characters might have an opportunity of becoming improved by a closer contact with such society; but I suspect,” continued she, laughing, “that at the end of the aforesaid six months, she will be very willing to permit you to return to your own home.”

They all felt most indignant at this representation, yet they could not help feeling it might be true; and Mrs. Mortimer began to consider, in her own mind, whether it would not be better policy to treat

more politely the future wife of her son, who might yet be destined to shine in the circles of fashion, so delightful to Mrs. Mortimer.

“ You have learnt all this view of things from Miss Melross,” said Charlotte.

“ No, I have not; they are my own ideas; for her part, she is so generous, that she is always excusing your conduct, from the idea that you have reason in your own minds to think her conduct dishonourable.”

“ She may well think so,” said Ferdinand. “ But what prospect of happiness can she form from a union with a man who treats her as I do?”

“ That I cannot tell,” said Miss Rushbrook; “ perhaps she thinks you are more amiable than you appear; she has great skill in physiognomy as well as myself; so perhaps she looks beyond the surface, and discovers in you some native virtues deserving her approbation.”

Ferdinand, in spite of his displeasure, could not forbear smiling. Mrs. Hastings, who had been silent through the whole scene, then said—“ I am then to view myself as having the honour of being Miss Melross’s housekeeper?”

“You have, I hope, the honour of being her friend,” said Miss Rushbrook; “but be not uneasy, she makes no pretensions to being the mistress of the house; you are the real head of it, and as such, I hope you will take care that your guests are treated well.”

Mrs. Hastings seemed satisfied, and Miss Rushbrook took a polite farewell of them and departed, leaving them full of displeasure at her behaviour, but which they thought it prudent to restrain, and of heightened alarm and indignation respecting Justina. They believed now that she intended to accept Ferdinand, rather than lose the large fortune depending, and to brave all their contemptuous treatment, rather than resign it. It was gall and wormwood to them; they imagined they could conciliate her favour at any time, and they were resolved, for the present, not to alter their behaviour. Miss Rushbrook was much displeased at the retrospect of her own conduct; she feared that she had injured her friend, instead of making her situation better; and she made the same good resolutions which she generally did when her conscience reproved her of doing wrong—

that of determining to be more attentive to its dictates for the future.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

~~~~~

There is no living with thee—nor without thee.

MARTIAL.

THE following day, after dinner, Miss Rushbrook went as usual next door to visit her friend; but she thought, as she had talked so saucily to the Mortimers the day before, she would just step in to see them, and do away, by her lively prattle, the impression of yesterday's impertinence.

They all joyfully welcomed her; for her vivacity, whether pointed with playful wit, or edged with provoking sarcasm, always had the power of dispelling ennui. They conversed on various subjects for some time. At length Ferdinand said to her—"Miss Rushbrook, I have been meditating much on what you said yesterday, and I think you might hint to your friend, that if she puts me into immediate possession of my estate

by her rejection, you have no doubt I would liberally compensate her by a sum that would enable her, particularly if she possesses all the charms and virtues you say she does, to make a much better match, at least one more conducive to her own happiness, than a union with me would prove."

"I have no objections to tell her this, sir," said Miss Rushbrook, "because I believe it is the truth; but you would certainly fulfil your engagement?"

"Most certainly, madam."

"And how much would you be willing to give for your liberty?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"Oh, brother!" said Charlotte, "that is a great deal too much; I think the half of it is too much; why should she have four times the sum your uncle bequeathed to me?"

"Do you think twenty thousand dollars is too great a premium for relinquishing four hundred thousand, and an elegant young man besides, who has improved his manners at all the courts of Europe?" said Miss Rushbrook.

"Yes," rejoined Ferdinand, smiling;



“ but you might suggest to her, that that elegant young man might make the chain of wedlock so galling to her, that she would do well to resign some thousands to get rid of him.”

“ Well, well ! I will tell her all that ; I shall only have to repeat what I have already told her twenty times,” said Miss Rushbrook.

“ It is your own opinion then ?” said Ferdinand, smiling.

“ Entirely, sir,” said she ; “ I told her the very last time I conversed with her, that I wondered she did not take the whole sum and fling it in your face.”

“ It is what *you* would do then, I suppose ?”

“ Most assuredly I would,” said Miss Rushbrook, “ and then I should expect to see you kneeling with all this fortune at my feet, imploring my acceptance.”

“ It might be a hazardous experiment,” said Ferdinand, “ if she entertained any such design.”

“ Well, Ferdinand, but as it respects the plan you proposed,” said Mrs. Mortimer, “ suppose you offer her ten thousand ?”

"I would rather give her twenty," said he.

"Well, I will go and ask her," said Miss Rushbrook; "but are you sure it is not bribery?"

"She refuses me," said Ferdinand, "and then as a gift from the estate of my uncle, who, no doubt, would have bequeathed her as much had he not formed the matrimonial plan, I present her with twenty thousand."

"Very well!" said Miss Rushbrook, and left the room. She went up stairs to see her friend, and after some circumlocution, she informed her of the proposal of Ferdinand.

Justina appeared grieved at the idea of such an offer; but told her calmly and decidedly, that she could enter into no such compromise.

"Is the sum insufficient?" asked Miss Rushbrook, who began to have doubts of the magnanimity of her friend.

"Let this subject, dear Miss Rushbrook, be discussed between us no more; I can release Mr. Cavendish on no consideration whatever." She urged her no farther.

When Miss Rushbrook went down, they

immediately requested of her an account of the conference ; she replied—" I have a proposal to make to you, Mr. Cavendish ; what say you to releasing Miss Melross by your own rejection, in consideration of which, she will afterward present you with fifty thousand dollars?"

" She cannot, she dare not make such a proposal," said Mrs. Mortimer.

" Why not, madam?" said Miss Rushbrook ; " your son expected a release for less than half that sum."

" You surely do not consider them as on an equal footing!" said Mrs. Mortimer ; " Ferdinand has a just and natural right to the whole estate, and she has no equitable title to any part of it."

" Mr. Cavendish, madam, had a right to leave his property to whomever he pleased ; and his will places Miss Melross and Mr. Cavendish on equal grounds ; had it been all devised to you, madam, would you have been willing to resign it?"

" I have a much better right to it than she has," said Mrs. Mortimer.

" It is not worth while for us to dispute on that point," said Miss Rushbrook ; " the will cannot now be altered, and Mr. Ferdi-

nand Cavendish must only try to be reconciled to the possession of a large fortune, accompanied with the hand of one of the loveliest girls in the world."

"She will not then release me!" said Ferdinand indignantly. "Is that indeed the case?"

"It is indeed so," said Miss Rushbrook. "It is '*Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*,' with Miss Melross."

"Then be it at her peril!" said Ferdinand.

"Does she give no reason?" asked Mrs. Hastings.

"None at all; she only says she cannot, and desires to hear no more on the subject."

"Her conduct is surprising to me," said Mrs. Hastings; "she never appeared to have the least sordidness in her nature, and I have understood that she did not promise old Mr. Cavendish to marry his nephew."

"She says she did not," said Miss Rushbrook, "for I have asked her the question myself. But whether she marries Mr. Cavendish or not, it will make your reflections at some future day more agreeable, I imagine, if you treat her now with common politeness."

Mrs. Mortimer and her daughter, in some small degree, took the advice of Miss Ruchbrook.

Their direct and positive rudeness some intermissions; and they frequently dispensed to her the ordinary civilities at the table. Yet still, when occasion offered they threw out some cutting sarcasm against treachery, and people's forcing themselves into families against their wishes; or pretending to every virtue under heaven, and yet when required to give some manifestation of their exalted sentiments, resorting to some cunning excuse to screen their selfishness, and thus sinking, in their actions lower than those who made no pretensions at all.

They sustained an association with her, both at home and abroad.

The house was the resort of gay and fashionable company, who visited the Mortimers; and Justina heard each day the noise of merriment, and saw preparations for festive scenes, in which she was never invited to join.

These marks of disrespect were not unfelt by her, though she did not sigh for the scenes from which she was thus excluded.

She accepted and returned every little advance of cordiality, with readiness and cheerfulness, while she suppressed every indication, or indeed feeling of resentment, at marks of their contempt.—“They will one day,” she said, “do me justice, and they will then be sorry that they have been lavish of their scorn to an unoffending rag.”

All the new publications of the day, imported or domestic, were generally scattered on the parlour table.

Justina, one day, took up a pamphlet, in which she perceived an interesting article, and was going with it to her own room, when Charlotte said—“I want that book, Miss Melross; you have, I am told, constant access to the library, and there are books enough there, these are ours exclusively.”

Justina laid down the book silently, and left the room.

“Surely, Charlotte,” said Ferdinand, “you might have let her take the book, there was no harm in that.”

“Harm or not, she shall have nothing that belongs to me,” said Charlotte.

“If I am not mistaken,” said he, “the

book is mine, and I have not the least objection to her taking it—do call her back, and give it to her.”

“ I shall do no such thing,” said Charlotte.

Her being forbidden the use of the books below, was no material loss to Justina, for she was amply supplied by her friend Miss Rushbrook, with more than she had time to peruse.

Miss Rushbrook was herself very fond of literature, and her affluence allowed her to procure every production she desired; the society she frequented consisted of those of the same taste with herself, and they delighted to lend her all that they knew would gratify her:—she had therefore the pleasure of bringing often in to her friend, books the most rare and amusing, and of which perhaps there was no other copy in the country.

Miss Rushbrook and her friend read or looked them over together, and many delightful hours were thus enjoyed by them both:—she likewise used to leave with Justina such works as she felt sufficient interest in to peruse more leisurely.

Justina often rebuked herself for not feel-

ing entirely happy :—" How many," said she, " in the world complain, that they find but little sincere friendship in it ! surely I have no reason to do so ; for in Mrs. Blendon, and Miss Rushbrook, I have two disinterested, pious, enlightened, and affectionate friends, who love me in defiance of the scorn of the world, and trust in my integrity, in spite of all unfavourable appearances."

Justina's heart was at this time cheered by a letter from her sister, in answer to one she had written, giving Augusta an account of Mr. Cavendish's will, and of her residence with Mrs. Hastings ; but she had made no mention of the unpleasantness of her situation.

• Augusta's letter was full of sisterly affection, and the gaiety with which it was written shewed the returning happiness of her heart.

• Elmore had come back to her with feelings of augmented attachment, deploring the infatuation, which for a time, he said, had blinded him to her loveliness, and that he could scarcely forgive himself for having pained the generous heart he had once been so solicitous and anxious to win, and which



retained and continued its tenderness for him, even when wounded and neglected; and which heart it should now be his study and delight to sooth and cherish, through life, with devoted and faithful fondness.

She then mentioned that Arlington was in England when they last heard from him, but it was not known when he intended to return.

Her sister's letter awakened in Justina many sweet, though mournful remembrances; but most fervently did her gratitude rise to heaven, in the contemplation of her sister's happiness—that dear sister, whose peace she had so deeply, though unintentionally injured. For Elmore too she indulged sentiments of returning friendship and esteem, and did justice to all his amiable and agreeable qualities. She had no doubt of the happiness of Augusta in becoming his wife, as far as she could predict happiness in this world of “strange mutations.” Indeed, she imagined his vivacity was better suited to the never-failing flow of gaiety in her sister's heart, in its state of peace, than was the serious and contemplative mind of Arlington.

In her letter to Augusta, Justina sent to

Elmore the regards of a sister. Of Arlington she was silent; she could not yet think of him with tranquillity; she wished not, therefore, to write or speak of him.

The beautiful and fashionable Miss Delway had now become Charlotte's constant and most favourite associate; they visited and walked together, and the former passed with Charlotte two or three days in every week. On these days Justina saw her at dinner and at tea; but Miss Delway took her tone from the rest, and paid no attention whatever to Justina. Justina, however, found some amusement in viewing and listening to her. Her beauty was of a very striking kind; her eyes were large, dark, and brilliant; her complexion of the brightest hue; hair glossy and black; her form was tall, and displayed that kind of elegance which a fashionable air bestows; her conversation was also fashionable. She possessed much playful readiness of reply; and a sprightliness which sometimes passes for wit, but which has very little foundation in intellect. These attractions of beauty and lively conversation, joined to a large independent fortune, had drawn around her a number of admirers, no one of whom she

had yet favoured with her approving smiles; but it was now very evident, from the direction and aim of all her blandishments, that there was a certain individual whom she would be disposed to favour, were he ambitious of the prize.

To these views might easily be referred her incessant attention and flattery to the Mortimers, and also her dislike to Justina, whom she considered as the only obstacle to her plan for securing the conquest of Ferdinand. His elegant appearance, polished manners, and large expectations, made him a high and splendid mark in the eyes of the ladies, all of whom were ambitious of receiving attentions from the accomplished traveller. Miss Delway fancied there was no person so suitable for him as herself, and that nothing more was wanting than that he should see her often, to enchain his heart: for she knew from his sister, and indeed perceived from his own conduct, that Justina was in his eyes an object of dislike. With the design of attaching him to herself, she cultivated so sedulously a close intimacy, with Charlotte, that she was now become almost like one of the family, and Ferdinand found himself obliged to pay her many

attentions, such as escorting her home in the evening, and reading for her and his sister at their request, when they were engaged together at their needlework in the afternoon. Miss Delway endeavoured to find out what books and passages in them met his approbation, and of course her own taste and opinion always accorded with his. Ferdinand thought her very beautiful, and was sometimes amused with her chitchat; but his heart was safe from all her enchantments. The superior grace and intellect of Miss Rushbrook had much more power to interest him; he now, however, had but few opportunities of seeing her, as she had entirely withdrawn herself from the family below: she still came to the house every afternoon, but instead of stopping in the dining-room, proceeded directly up to the chamber of Justina.

The Mortimers regretted her absence extremely, as well as Ferdinand, for they longed for her society, though they knew it only gave her an opportunity to quarrel with them. One afternoon they heard her going up stairs; Mrs. Mortimer opened the door, and called to her—"Do, Miss Rushbrook, come in and see us a little while."

She complied. Charlotte said to her—  
“What is the reason you have so entirely left off visiting us? you owe me a great many calls.”

“Oh! you have company enough,” said Miss Rushbrook; “and as Justina has none but me, all the time I can spare to this house I spend with her.”

“Miss Melross is a great favourite of yours, I understand,” said Miss Delway, with a smile approaching to a sneer.

“She is, madam, but she is not of yours, of course.”

“Why of course?” said Miss Delway.

“Because she is so much more beautiful than yourself, that I suspect you find it hard to forgive her for it.”

“I declare I don’t see her great beauty,” said Miss Delway, angrily.

“Yes, you do; for vanity cannot have so entirely blinded you; her beauty every one can see that has eyes; the rare endowments of her mind require more discernment to discover. But I must go—I cannot waste my time here, when I can spend it so much better. When you want my company, you must, invite Justina along with me, and then we will both come.”

“We certainly do wish for yours this rainy afternoon,” said Ferdinand; “and rather than lose it, we commission you to bring this wonderful beauty down with you. —What say you, ladies?—what say you, Miss Delway?”

“I certainly, sir, can have no objections, if you wish it.”

The rest of the ladies expressed their consent, and Miss Rushbrook went up and invited down her friend, who was too anxious to put an end to the unhappy variance between them and herself to decline the opportunity.

When she entered, Miss Rushbrook introduced her formally to Miss Delway, and said—“Do now, ladies, be on friendly terms, and shew the world one of those rare instances of harmony between rival beauties.”

The afternoon was passed very agreeably; Miss Rushbrook exerted herself to produce sociability; she drew forth the fine mind of Ferdinand, and so managed as to make them all, according to their different powers and dispositions, contribute to please, or feel in a humour to be pleased. Justina, however, was only a listener and observer; Miss Rushbrook sometimes addressed remarks to her,

which she was obliged to answer; but as no one else did, she was generally silent, and when Miss Rushbrook went home she also withdrew.

Justina now spent part of every afternoon with them down stairs, in company with Miss Rushbrook. After her meals also, she did not always withdraw as formerly, and something like a polite intercourse began to subsist between them.

One rainy day which Miss Delway was passing with her friend Charlotte, as they were sitting at dinner they were talking of a new novel, by a celebrated author, which had lately appeared in England, from which they expected extraordinary entertainment. —“ Oh !” said Mrs. Mortimer, “ I wish we had it this afternoon, but it cannot yet have arrived in this country.”

“ And then too,” said Charlotte, “ we shall have to wait until it is printed here; if we had it now, how delightfully we should spend the afternoon, for Ferdinand would read it for us !”

Miss Delway thought that *that* would be delightful.

As soon as dinner was over, Justina went up stairs, and returned soon after with the

wished-for book in her hand, which she gave to Charlotte.—“ Oh! Miss Melross, where did you get it?”

“ Miss Rushbrook brought it to me yesterday, and said it had just arrived; but as I had not then time to read it, she took it home with her; I knew she had it, and that you would be welcome to it.”

Justina did not stay to be thanked, but returned up stairs.

## CHAPTER XIX.

\*\*\*\*\*

If thou art to be won by eyes  
 All darkly bright, like polar skies;  
 By lips that glow with morning-red,  
 And cheeks, the rose's blushes spread,  
 By locks in rich luxuriance toss'd  
 O'er brows no care hath ever cross'd;  
 Then thou art hers—and I am lost.

MISS PORTER.

Miss Rushbrook said to Justina one day—  
 “ Do you know that I am almost afraid  
 that Mr. Cavendish will become attached to  
 Miss Delway?”



“ Why do you imagine so ? ”

“ Because she is for ever in his way—is constantly assailing him with flattery ; she is certainly extremely handsome, and is a great favourite with his mother and sister.”

“ There is some danger,” said Justina ; “ but yet she does not appear to me to be the character calculated to interest him.”

“ She is not, indeed,” replied Miss Rushbrook, “ provided she does not directly attack him ; but her shafts fly so thick, and are so dexterously aimed, that some of them at last may take effect ; but that is your business, not mine. Why do you so tamely give up the field to her ? ”

Justina made no reply.

“ Do you rest your security in the will ? ” said Miss Rushbrook, smiling—“ will you be satisfied to take the man without his heart ? ”

“ I certainly should not wish it.”

“ Well then, since you will not attend to your own concerns, I, as your friend, must do it.”

“ You are very kind,” said Justina, smiling ; “ but I would much rather you would let my affairs, as it respects Mr. Cavendish, alone.”

When they went down the next time together, Miss Rushbrook said to Ferdinand —“ I saw your charmer last evening.”

“ Who, pray, is she ?” said he, colouring violently.

“ Why, Miss Delway, to be sure ; and she looked beautiful.”

“ Miss Delway always looks beautiful,” said Charlotte.

“ That is a fault in my eyes,” said Ferdinand.

“ A fault, brother !”

“ Yes, she always looks too invariably beautiful—‘ shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender.’”

“ If you were to give the whole of that exquisite picture of Nourmahal,” said Miss Rushbrook, “ you would find part of it descriptive of another lady.”

“ What part ?” said he.

She replied—

‘ When pensive, you’d think, that that very grace,  
The charm of all others, was born with her face.”

Ferdinand involuntarily looked at Justina.

“ Yes, I knew that you could not help applying it,” said Miss Rushbrook.

But Justina had soon a much more serious cause of alarm and sorrow, in the conduct of Ferdinand, than the attractions of Miss Delway could excite. He was now seldom at home; his evenings were spent abroad, and frequently he did not return until morning. At breakfast his face was haggard, and full of care; his large dark eyes beamed with an expression unusual to them, and looked hollow and restless, as if his nights had been without repose. She soon learned from Miss Rushbrook, that he had contracted an intimacy with dissipated and profligate young men, who had seduced him into their own courses, and that his nights were generally spent at the gaming-table; and besides all this, that he wasted much of his time in the society of a dissolute woman whom he had taken under his care.

Justina felt the most poignant distress at this intelligence, and found that her friend fully shared in all her regrets.—“Who could have thought,” exclaimed Miss Rushbrook, “that that face, indicative of the highest refinement—that noble brow, and those features, which seemed formed only to excite and express heroic and virtuous feelings, should be marred and vulgarized by

'sensuality! How can you bear it, Justina? why do you not talk to him?"

"He never speaks to me at all, nor looks at me but with disdain," said she; "and my advice and expostulation would do no good."

Justina, in the solitude of her chamber, sincerely bewailed his unhappy conduct and condition; she thought of his uncle's story, and shed tears of prophetic sorrow, and fervently did she pray for the speedy return of his nephew to the path of virtue and wisdom—"Oh that he would let me be his friend!" said she; "were I to tell him his uncle's story, it might, perhaps, make an impression on him: he has an ingenuous heart, and a mind of the first order; he cannot surely be long happy in the course of guilty pleasure he is now pursuing; he is even now miserable—his countenance expresses it. Oh that he might be awakened to a sense of sin, and, prompted by divine grace, to believe in Jesus, and confide in the consolations of his Spirit!"

Daily she made him the subject of her prayers. For his departed uncle's sake, whose character and kindness she held in grateful remembrance, she watched him.

with the deepest interest of an affectionate friend: and when, in addition to this, she recollected that she herself was the cause of the disappointments and troubles that had perhaps driven him to associate with the dissolute and abandoned, her anxiety for his welfare was doubled by that painful reflection. She grieved, too, for the sake of virtue and religion, to see so many graces of soul and body, which might have adorned the church of Christ, lend their allurements to the cause of vice.—“ Oh that he possessed,” cried she, “ the firm integrity and Christian virtues of the high-principled Arlington!”

His declension in virtue, and his distaste for domestic society, increased her unhappiness in another respect: his mother and sister imputed to her the unhappy change; they were of opinion, that if he had not been disappointed in the attainment of the fortune he had every reason to expect, he would probably have solicited the hand of Miss Delway, whose beauty he admired, and who, it was evident, was disposed in his favour. This was a match to suit their wishes; she was of high fashion and fortune, and her professions of strong attach-

ment to them, had secured their good will; they thought, that if he had married her, her charms would have settled his affections at home, and that the care of his fortune, by giving him occupation, would have kept him from idle and vicious pursuits.

These were their avowed sentiments, to which poor Justina was obliged to listen, as often as an opportunity of uttering them occurred; and they afflicted her the more, because she thought they were not inconsistent with probability. She did not believe, with them, that Miss Delway was the woman to fix his affections at home; he required, she imagined, a companion possessing a heart and an intellect of a finer cast; but she was beautiful, and would have gratified his pride, as it respected appearances abroad, and would gratify his family on every account, and she lamented exceedingly at being the obstacle in the way of his or their wishes. She extremely regretted having made the last promise to his uncle, to make known to no one that she was bound by the two former promises. Had it not been for this vow, they would have had the satisfaction of knowing that their uncertainties would terminate in a few

months. This, which was a great consolation to her, would then also have been shared by them; but regrets were now useless, and her promises must be adhered to, whatever might be the consequences to herself or others. She felt as if it were impossible she should ever again be so imprudent as to bind her conscience by any promise whatever, however her feelings might be wrought upon for that purpose—"For we do not sufficiently consider," said she to herself, "how many strong temptations we may be under to violate our obligation, and there may be circumstances in which perhaps it may appear to be our duty to act contrary to what we have promised. But since it is our indispensable duty most religiously to perform our promises, when once given, most religiously ought we to consider their possible tendency and result, before they are enjoined or assumed. Alas! little did Mr. Caverdish imagine the unhappy embarrassments he was preparing for me and his nephew, when he so earnestly entreated me thus to bind myself by these engagements; but still I will cherish a hope that all will yet be well."

Justina began to remark something un-

usual in Ferdinand's behaviour to her; he often looked at her intently, and withdrew his eyes when she observed him. His eyes had a clouded expression of uncertainty and discontent; he appeared to look at her as if he wished to discover more of her character from her countenance. He was now rather more at home than he had been for some time past, and once or twice he seemed to linger in her way, as if he wished to speak to her. It would be an interview she knew in which nothing satisfactory could transpire, and she was determined to avoid it. This she found no difficulty in effecting, by adhering to her habit of passing most of her time in her own room, as she had formerly done, and which she had only lately in a slight degree relaxed.

Four months had now elapsed since the death of Mr. Cavendish; every week and every day had Justina most carefully counted, so anxiously did she long for the period to arrive, when she should be absolved from her promise, and released from the society of the proud Mortimers; and joyfully did she anticipate the moment which would put Ferdinand Cavendish into possession of



the estate to which he was lawfully the heir, and from which she had so unwillingly been the cause of detaining him. She had already arranged, in her own mind, what plan to pursue after this separation should have taken place, which was, to board with Mrs. Blendon until some occasion should present itself, corresponding with her wishes, for the application of such talents and qualifications as she possessed, to her own support, and procuring the means of independence. Her heart often returned to A——, as its resting-place; but though her sister and aunt in their letters were affectionate, they did not invite her to return, but seemed to consider her as the future wife of Ferdinand Cavendish. Her sister was now happy in the acknowledged affection of Elmore, and she wished not to disturb her tranquillity, by exciting feelings of jealousy, which, as they had been once awakened, might again be the cause of uneasiness. The return of Arlington too, she knew, from her sister's last letter, was daily expected, and she felt that it would be conducive to her own peace to avoid meeting with him.

Her bosom still throbbed, and her cheeks glowed, at the mention and remembrance

of him, and she felt, that whatever, time and religion might effect in mitigating pain, and teaching her resignation, his image, in her heart and fancy, could never be supplanted by another.

As she was absorbed in these reflections, some one tapped at her door; she opened it, and saw Ellen, who told her that Mr. Cavendish requested permission to speak with her in the drawing-room.

This request was so unusual, that it excited much trepidation. She told Ellen to inform him she would come down immediately. She then shut her door, and endeavoured to fortify herself for the interview; she read over the paper containing the promises she had made to the elder Cavendish, namely, "not to give Ferdinand, or any one else, the least idea or intimation that she would refuse him, until six months after his uncle's death; also, not to let any one know that she had made such a promise, until the expiration of that time." She then kneeled down, and prayed to have granted to her composure for the interview, and firmness in adhering to her promises.

When she entered the room, Ferdinand

was traversing it with an assumed careless air. He bowed to her as she came in, and handed her a chair, though he himself continued walking the floor. After hemming and hesitating awhile, he thus addressed her—"The time has arrived, Miss Melross, in which my necessities make it absolutely indispensable that the strange will of my uncle should be fulfilled; you have no objections, I presume, that the marriage should take place to-day, or to-morrow at farthest?" He paused, and looked at her for an answer.

Justina could scarcely forbear smiling at the singular style of courtship of this most confident suitor; she replied—"I have, sir, many objections to marrying on so short an acquaintance; and as the will of your uncle allows the term of a year for its fulfilment, four months only of which have yet elapsed, I would rather wait some time longer."

Ferdinand came and stood immediately before her, his eyes flashing with anger—"And do you suppose, madam, that I will wait a year in my present difficulties? The paltry sum of two thousand dollars which my uncle left for my support until you deigned to accept me," said he 'with a

“sneer, “is spent, and I am deeply in debt. It has become impossible for me to consent to any further delay; and since my uncle’s will has made it indispensable to marry you, before I can be put into possession of the fortune to which the law would otherwise entitle me, I insist, and I think I have a right to insist, that the marriage take place immediately; unless indeed,” he added, with a sarcastic smile, “you reject me, which I shall esteem almost as great a favour.”

“Oh that I could!” thought Justina, who trembled from head to foot at the predicament she was in, in spite of the indignation she felt rising in her bosom at his insolence and want of delicacy in thus addressing her. She could not help acknowledging in her own mind, that he had much reason for his anger; but she remembered her promise, and endeavoured to rally her affrighted spirits—“Mr. Cavendish——” She stopped, and could not proceed.

He looked at her with expressions of angry impatience, which frightened her still more—“Say, madam—speak out—tell me at once—for one or the other you *shall* do; will you marry me immediately, or will you reject me? Determine instantly.” . .

She faintly articulated—"Neither, sir."

Cavendish was in such a transport of rage as scarcely to know what he did. He seized her by the shoulders, and shook her violently; then, recollecting himself, he felt ashamed of his conduct; for he was naturally noble, and even chivalric in his respect for the fair, though he had not been taught to govern his naturally-passionate temper by the restraints of education. Justina arose, and retreated in terror towards the door. Mr. Cavendish then said, in a softened tone—"Don't go yet, Miss Melross; I entreat it as a favour that you do not go yet."

She sat down and relieved her oppressed heart by tears, which she in vain endeavoured to restrain. Cavendish approached her; she put her hands together in an imploring manner, and said—"Do not insult me, I beseech you, Mr. Cavendish! I have neither father nor brother to protect me; I am far from all my friends, and am in some measure under *your* protection; your uncle has left me to your protection; it is a sacred claim on your honour; do not insult me; I am not the mean, mercenary wretch you suppose me to be."

These sentences, repeated in a broken voice, and at intervals, affected Cavendish, in spite of his long-cherished contempt for her.—“You have nothing more to fear from me, Miss Melross; I am sorry for what I have done, and ask your pardon: but if you are not mercenary, why do you not reject me? Tell me now why you will not?”

She answered—“I cannot.”

“Have you promised my uncle to marry me?”

She paused to reflect on the letter of her promise, and answered—“I have not.”

“Strange, incomprehensible girl!—one more question will I ask you; it is not—it cannot be possible that you love me?”

Justina could scarcely refrain from smiling through her tears, at such a question from a man who for four months had treated her with unvaried contempt; and as Cavendish looked in a face, which features and soul had combined to make exquisitely lovely, he almost wished for an answer in the affirmative. Justina, who perceived he waited for a reply, said—“Would it not be very strange if I did?”

“Very strange, I confess; but such strange things do happen, that perhaps even that

may be the case. But this is no answer, Miss Melross."

"I would rather not answer you, sir." She saw by his countenance that he believed she did love him; for an undefined expression of awakened tenderness and of gratified vanity played over his fine features; she instantly perceived that such an error would be hurtful to his peace, and that it was her duty to remove it, for she had no wish to win his affections, as she knew that she could never reward them. She thought of her promise—it had nothing to do with love.—"Sir," said she, "I will reply candidly to the last question you have put to me; I have not the sentiment for you that you suspect me of—I wish the welfare of the nephew of one of my best friends; that is all I feel towards you."

Ferdinand was rather mortified at this reply.—"Miss Melross," said he, "I must again recur to my difficulties, which, I assure you, are very urgent; if you ever mean to marry me, you would confer a great favour on me by doing it now."

Justina gathered all her powers for a reply, and said—"Mr. Cavendish—ill-judged as your uncle's will was, it was nevertheless,

"I am convinced, dictated by a sincere desire for your happiness—for the happiness of us both; to marry with our present feelings to each other, would therefore certainly be acting contrary to the design of his will, for it would be making us both miserable."

"It would not make *me* miserable, Miss Melross."

"It would make *me* miserable, sir."

"If it would make you miserable now, it would make you so probably at any time; why then do you not reject me?"

"I have already answered that question, sir."

"What did you say, madam?"

"I said I could not."

"Your answers, madam, are very unsatisfactory; do you expect that we shall ever be more congenial than we are? do you expect a change of character in me?"

"I hope there may be, sir."

"Does our union depend on that, madam?"

"Permit me, sir, to leave you; I have satisfied you as it respects my inability to comply with your wishes in marrying you at the present time."



“No, madam; you have not satisfied me at all; why are you unable?”

“I have pleaded the misery it would give me.”

“I think then, madam, you ought to reject me; my disposition and character are well known to you—I am fond of cards, plays, dancing, and all those pleasures of life in which you take no interest; you have also heard, no doubt, that I have a fair companion to amuse my leisure hours.” Justina blushed with indignation at the indelicacy of this communication to her; he continued—“I thought it but right to inform you of this, madam, that you might judge for yourself, whether such a partner will ever suit you; tell me, is it consistent with refined morals and pure religion to accept such a man? You are a Christian—act up to the purity and disinterestedness of Christianity, and refuse me.”

Poor Justina could hardly stand this appeal; she wept as if her heart would break; but thinking of her promise, she said—“I can only repeat what I have already said—that I cannot.”

Cavendish stood perplexed and angry;

but finding it impossible to obtain from her, either consent to his wishes, or farther explanation, suffered her to leave him.



## NOTES.

~~~~~

### NOTE 1.

THE mighty God, Isa. ix. 6. A just God and a Saviour, xlv. 21. God and none else, xlv. 22. Thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth, Isa. liv. 5. The Lord their God, Hosea i. 7. God over all blessed for ever, Rom. ix. 5. The great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, Titus, ii. 13. He is the true God, and eternal life, 1 John v. 20. The only wise God our Saviour, Jude 25. The God of glory appeared to our father Abraham, Acts vii. 2. The Lord of glory, 1 Cor. ii. 8. Our Lord Jesus Christ of glory, James ii. 1. He is Lord of all, Acts x. 36. Lord of lords, Rev. xix. 16. The first and the last, Isa. xli. 4. The Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, Rev. i. 8. The God of Abraham, Exodus iii. 6—compare with Acts vii. 32. The image of the invisible God, Col. i. 15. Lord of the dead and the living, Rom. xiv. 9. Prince of life, Acts iii. 15. Thy throne, oh God, is for ever and ever, Ps. xlv. 6—compare with Hebrews i. 8. But unto the Son he saith, thy throne, oh God, is for ever and ever. Oh God of Israel the Saviour, Isa. xlv. 15. Thy God, thy glory, Isa. lx. 19. My Lord and my God, John xx. 28. I am the way, the truth, and the life, John xiv. 6. When

he was accused by the Jews of blasphemy, in making himself the Son of God, equal to the Father, he says, "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." Some say that he was only the Son of God, as we are all the children of God; for this would the Jews have charged him with blasphemy, and for this would they have crucified him. Again Jesus said, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" he answered and said, "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him?" And Jesus said unto him, "Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him," John ix. 35—38. Nor did the Saviour forbid him—he is also worshipped in heaven: "Let all the angels of God worship him," Heb. i. 6. The four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, Rev. v. 8. to the end of the chapter.

### NOTE II.

A child, whose name is Immanuel, Isa. vii. 14. The second man, 1 Cor. xv. 47. The last Adam, 1 Cor. xv. 45. The man Christ Jesus, 1 Tim. ii. 5. The Son of man, Matt. xvi. 13. One man Jesus Christ, Rom. v. 15. The heavenly man, 1 Cor. xv. 49. Fairer than the children of men, Ps. xlv. 2. The first-born son of Mary, Luke i. 42. A child born and a son given, Isa. ix. 6. The holy child Jesus, Acts iv. 30. A man whose name is The Branch, Zech. vi. 12. The man who is my fellow, or equal, Zech. xiii. 7. He is not ashamed to call them brethren, Heb. ii. 11. The word was made flesh, John i. 14.—These are sufficient to prove that Christ was also man.

## NOTE III.

To perform the mercy he promised, the oath which he swore, Luke i. 72, 73. He that sent me is true, John vii. 28. He that sent me is true, John viii. 26. The only true God, John xvii. 3. Sanctify them by thy truth, John xvii. 17. The spirit of truth, John xiv. 17. The spirit of truth, John xvi. 13. The spirit is truth, 1 John v. 6. I am the truth, John xiv. 6. As God is true, 2 Cor. i. 18. The promises of God in *him* are amen, 2 Cor. i. 20. God is faithful, 1 Cor. i. 9. God is faithful, 1 Cor. x. 13. Faithful is *he* who hath called you, 1 Thes. v. 24. The Lord is faithful, 2 Thes. iii. 3. He abideth faithful, 2 Tim. ii. 13. God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, Heb. vi. 10. God cannot lie, Titus i. 2. It is impossible for God to lie, Heb. vi. 18. He is faithful that hath promised, Heb. x. 2. She judged him faithful that had promised, Heb. xi. 11. The faithful word, Titus ii. 9. A faithful creator, 1 Peter iv. 19. He is faithful and just, 1 John i. 9. We are in him that is holy and true, Rev. iii. 7. He is the true God, 1 John v. 20. He that is holy and true, Rev. iii. 7. The amen, the faithful and true witness, verse 14. How long, holy and true, Rev. vi. 10. He is the faithful witness, Rev. i. 5. Let God be true, but every man a liar, Rom. iii. 4. He is the faithful witness, Rev. xix. 11. These words are true and faithful, Rev. xxi. 5. Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth, Isa. xxv. 1. These sayings are faithful and true, Rev. xxii. 6. Those things which God before shewed he hath fulfilled, Acts iii. 21. My counsel shall stand, I will do all my pleasure, Isa. xlvi. 10.

## NOTE IV.

The Angel or Messenger. Jehovah said, By myself have I sworn, Gen. xxii. 16. Heb vi. 13. 18.—“Could this be a mere creature of God?” I am that I am, Ex. iii. 14, is expressive of the name of Jehovah—the self-existent, immortal God—Jehovah; God of your fathers; this is applied to Christ, Acts vii. 30. Jehovah sent fiery serpents, Num. xxi. 6. The people spake against God, verse 5. They tempted Christ, 1 Cor. x. 9—therefore Christ is Jehovah. Joshua worshipped Christ as the Captain of the Lord’s host. Joshua said, What saith Jehovah to his servant? Josh. v. 14. Christ is the captain of our salvation, Heb. ii. 10. Jehovah ascended up on high, and led captivity captive, Ps. lxviii. 18—this is applied to Christ, Eph. iv. 8. In Jehovah we have righteousness, Isa. xlv. 24. Christ is made unto us righteousness, 1 Cor. i. 30. Christ the Branch, is Jehovah our righteousness, Jer. xxiii. 6. Of God he is made unto us righteousness, 2 Cor. v. 21—therefore Jesus is Jehovah. I will save them by Jehovah their God, Hos. i. 7. He shall save his people from their sins, Matt. i. 21—therefore Christ is the true Jehovah. These are clear, plain, scripture declarations, and solid conclusions; it requires nothing but an honest love of truth to feel their evidence.

## NOTE V.

Christ is called a Light. Light, John iii. 9. The true light, John i. 9. Light of the world, John viii.

12. The light of men, John i. 4. A great light, Isa. ix. 2. A light to lighten the Gentiles, Isa. xlix. 6. The day-star, 2 Peter i. 19. Thy light, Isa. lx. 1. The Lord is my light, Ps. xxvii. 1. A sun, Ps. lxxxiv. 11. An everlasting light, Isa. lx. 19. Sun of righteousness, Mal. iv. 1. Thy sun shall no more go down, Isa. lx. 20. The Lamb is the light of the New Jerusalem, Rev. xxi. 23. He is also truth. The way the truth, John xiv. 6. The amen or truth, Rev. iii. 14. The God amen, or truth, Isa. xlv. 16. The counsellor, Isa. ix. 6. The author, object, feeder, or finisher of faith, Heb. xii. 2. He is sometimes called a Shepherd.—A shepherd that seeketh out his flock, Ezek. xxxiv. 12. One shepherd, ver. 23. The chief shepherd, 1 Peter v. 4. The good shepherd, John x. 11. The Lord is my shepherd, Psalm xxiii. 1. Awake, oh sword, against my shepherd, and the man that is my fellow, Zech. xiii. 7. Christ considered as a prophet—one or two texts will suffice. A great prophet, Luke vii. 16. This is of a truth that prophet, John vi. 14. A few texts to shew his priesthood.—The mediator of a better covenant, Heb. viii. 6. The one mediator between God and man, 1 Tim. ii. 5. The mediator of the new testament, or covenant, Heb. ix. 15. An high priest for ever, Ps. cx. 4. Heb. vi. 20. The high priest of our profession, Heb. iii. 1. A surety of a better covenant, Heb. vii. 22. Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, Heb. xii. 24. Such an high priest became us (that is, was suitable to us), who was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, made higher than the heavens, Heb. vii. 26.



A covenant of the people, a light of the Gentiles, Isa. xlii. 6. A merciful and faithful high priest, Heb. ii. 17. For he is not an high priest who hath not compassion for our infirmities, &c. A king upon my holy hill, Ps. ii. 6. A great king over all the earth, Ps. xlvii. 2. A great king above all gods, Ps. xc. 3. The king that is fairer than the children of men, Ps. xlv. 2. The king's son, Ps. lxxii. 1. The king of glory, Ps. xxiv. 8—this is five times repeated. The Lord of glory, 1 Cor. ii. 8. James ii. 1. The King of kings, Rev. xvii. 14. The Lord of lords, Rev. ix. 16. Lord of the living and the dead, Rom. xiv. 9. Messiah the Prince, Dan. ix. 25. A governor that shall rule my people Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting, Mic. v. 2. Matt. ii. 6. The Prince of life, Acts iii. 15. The Lord reigneth, Ps. xciii. 1. He is born king of the Jews, Matt. ii. 2. He reigns over Jacob for ever, Luke i. 33. The king of Israel, John i. 49. The king of righteousness, Heb. ii. 7. i. 8. The king of peace. The prince of the kings of the earth, Rev. i. 5. Some other names by which Christ is called.—The angel or messenger of the covenant, Mal. iii. 1. The desire of all nations, Hag. ii. 7. The day-spring from on high, Luke i. 78. A stone laid in Zion—a precious corner stone; a sure foundation stone; or, as it is in the Hebrew, a foundation, Isa. xxviii. 16. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, Jesus Christ, 1 Cor. iii. 11. A stone, the head of the corner, Ps. cxvii. 22. A stone of stumbling and rock of offence, 1 Peter ii. 8. The forerunner, Heb. vi. 20. An advocate with the

Father, 1 John ii. 2. The man whose name is the Branch, Zech. vi. 12. The high God their Redeemer, Ps. lxxvii. 35. God, or Redeemer, is mentioned six hundred times, see De Goss on the divinity of Christ. The Lamb in the midst of the throne, Rev. v. 6. The Lamb is the temple of the New Jerusalem, Rev. xxi. 22. The Lamb is the light of the New Jerusalem, ver. 23. Christ is styled a Lamb twenty-nine times in the Revelation. A stone cut out without hands, Dan. ii. 34. The stone became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth, Dan. ii. 35. Mighty to save, Isa. lxiii. 1. Most mighty, Ps. xlv. 3. He treadeth the winepress alone, Isa. lxiii. 23. Shiloh, a quiet, peaceable prince, Gen. xlix. 10. My strength, my song, my salvation, Isa. xii. 2. A strength to the poor, xxv. 4. A strength to the needy in distress, xxv. 5. A refuge from the storm—A shadow from the heat—note, all these four attributes of Christ are in one verse. A hiding-place from the wind; a covert from the tempest; rivers of waters in a dry place; the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, Isa. xxxii. 2—note, all these four attributes are in one verse. My God shall be my strength, Isa. xlix. 5. He that liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore, amen; he hath the keys of hell and of death, Rev. i. 18. Our hope, 1 Tim. i. 1. Christ in us the hope of glory, Col. i. 27. Oh Jehovah! my strength and my fortress, and my refuge in the day of affliction, Jer. xvi. 19. The portion of Jacob, Jer. x. 16. A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel, Luke ii. 32. The hope of his people, and

the strength of the children of Israel, Joel iii. 16. Having salvation, Zech. ix. 9. The keeper of Israel, Ps. cxxi. 4. The angel which redeemed me from all evil, Gen. xlviii. 16. The heir of all things, Heb. i. 2. The head over all things to the church, Eph. i. 22. A sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and a star out of Jacob, Numb. xxiv. 17. Blessed be the Lord God, doing wondrous things, Psalms. The judge of the living and the dead, Acts x. 42. The judge of the earth, Gen. viii. 25. God is judge himself—Christ is all and in all, Col. iii. 11. Will God indeed dwell with man on earth, 1 Kings viii. 27. He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him, John xiv. 21. If a man love me he will keep my words, and my father will love him, and *we* will come unto him and make *our* abode with him, xiv. 23. I drew them with cord of a man, with bands of love, Hosea xi. 4. Christ our passover is slain for us, 1 Cor. v. 7. Made sin for us, 2 Cor. v. 21. Made a curse for us, Gal. iii. 13. Our peace, Eph. ii. 14. Our life, Col. iii. 4. The bread of life, John vi. 48. The bread of God, vi. 33. The tree of life, Rev. ii. 7. xxii. 14. The resurrection and the life, John xi. 25. The plague and destruction of death, Hosea xiii. 14. Some texts in which Christ is called the Saviour.—The Saviour of the body, the church, Eph. v. 23. The Saviour of the world, 1 John iv. 14. A Saviour and a great one, Isa. xix. 20. Oh! God of Israel, the Saviour, Isa. xiv. 1. A just God and a Saviour, xlv. 21. To you is born this day a Saviour, Luke ii. 11. A prince and a Saviour.

Acts v. 31. My spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour,  
 Luke i. 47. The commandment of God our Saviour,  
 1 Tim. i. 1. In the sight of God our Saviour, 1 Tim.  
 ii. 3. The living God is the Saviour, 1 Tim. iv. 10.  
 The appearing of God our Saviour, 2 Tim. i. 10.  
 The kindness and love of God our Saviour, Titus iii.  
 4. The commandment of God our Saviour, Titus i.  
 3. The Lord Jesus Christ, our Saviour, verse 4.  
 The glorious appearing of the great God our Saviour,  
 Titus ii. 13. The righteousness of God and our Sa-  
 viour, 2 Pet. i. 1. The knowledge of the Lord and  
 Saviour, 2 Pet. ii. 20. Grow in grace, and in the  
 knowledge of our Saviour, 2 Pet. iii. 18. The Fa-  
 ther sent the Son to be the Saviour, 1 John iv. 14.  
 To the only wise God our Saviour, Jude 25. They  
 forgot God their Saviour, Ps. cvi. 21. The Holy  
 One of Israel thy Saviour, Isa. xliii. 3. Besides  
 me there is no Saviour, xliii. 11. Jehovah am thy  
 Saviour, Isa. xlix. 26. So he was their Saviour,  
 Isa. lxiii. 8. Christ is our salvation; a few texts  
 taken from a great number. All the ends of the  
 earth shall see the salvation of our God, Isa. lii. 10.  
 All flesh shall see the salvation of God, Luke iii. 6.  
 I will joy in the God of my salvation, Heb. iii. 18.  
 Author of eternal salvation, Heb. v. 9. Jehovah is  
 my light and my salvation, Ps. xxvii. 1. The cap-  
 tain of our salvation, Heb. ii. 10. The garments of  
 salvation—the robe of righteousness, Isa. lxi. 10.  
 Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his  
 people from their sins, Matt. i. 21. The word *Jesus*  
 comprehends the whole Gospel. Some texts where  
 Christ is called the Son of God. Truly this was the

Son of God. Jesus, thou Son of God most high. Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. The only begotten Son of God. Declared to be the Son of God with power. I live by the faith of the Son of God. To the faith and knowledge of the Son of God. Trodden under foot the Son of God. He ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God. He is so frequently called the Son of God, that these texts will suffice, and it was also thought unnecessary to mark such well-known ones.

## NOTE VI.

A view of the plurality of persons in the eternal Godhead, from the Hebrew Bible. Gods, thirty-two times in the book of Genesis—five hundred times in the five books of Moses. Why does Moses use the plural when there is a singular noun? Instances of this are given in the book from which this is copied, but they are omitted because they are so many. Creation proves a Trinity. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, Gen. i. 1. All things were made by Jesus Christ, Eph. iii. 9. Lord, thou art God, which hast made heaven and earth, Acts iv. 24. All things were made by Christ, without him no one thing, John i. 3. For by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by him, and for him, Col. i. 16. The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters, Gen. i. 2. The creation of man shews the

**Trinity.** Let us make man, Gen. i. 26. The spirit of God has made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life, Job xxxiii. 4. The birth of our Saviour proves a Trinity. His baptism at Jordan proves a Trinity.

---

In the book from which these few texts are taken, proving the Trinity, there were many pages of incontrovertible passages from the Bible, which one might suppose would remove all doubt on the subject; but they would swell the book to too great a size; and besides that, I feel an awe stealing over me as I write, so as almost to question the propriety of introducing themes so sacred into a fictitious narrative. Yet HE, to whom I wish to devote my feeble powers, does not, I trust, frown on the motive that impels my pen. It was thought that probably many might be induced to read a tale, who would not be tempted by a graver work. As it respects the doctrine of the Trinity, though it infinitely transcends human reason, it does not contradict it, and where it is so clearly revealed in the word of God, reason must assent, believe, and adore. Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is as high as heaven—what canst thou do? deeper than hell—what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea, Job ii. 7. Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? who hath gathered the wind in his fists? who hath bound

the waters in a garment? who hath established all the ends of the earth? what is his name, and what is HIS SON'S NAME, if thou canst tell? Prov. xxx. 4.

Those who may favour this book with their perusal, and have any doubts to remove, are earnestly requested to look up, for themselves, the texts which are here selected, to read the whole verse, and sometimes the adjacent ones. In seeking for the texts, their eyes cannot fail to rest on a great number of others equally convincing.

END OF VOL. I.











P85

